

No. 69

SEPTEMBER

BIG
SHOT

BIG SHOT

10c

JOE PALOOKA
ARRIVES
TODAY

WHY DON'T
NOBODY EVER
ASK US FOR
OUR AUTYGRAPHS?

MAYBE THEY
KNOW WE
CAN'T WRITE!



DIXIE DUGAN



TONY TRENT



SPARKY WATTS

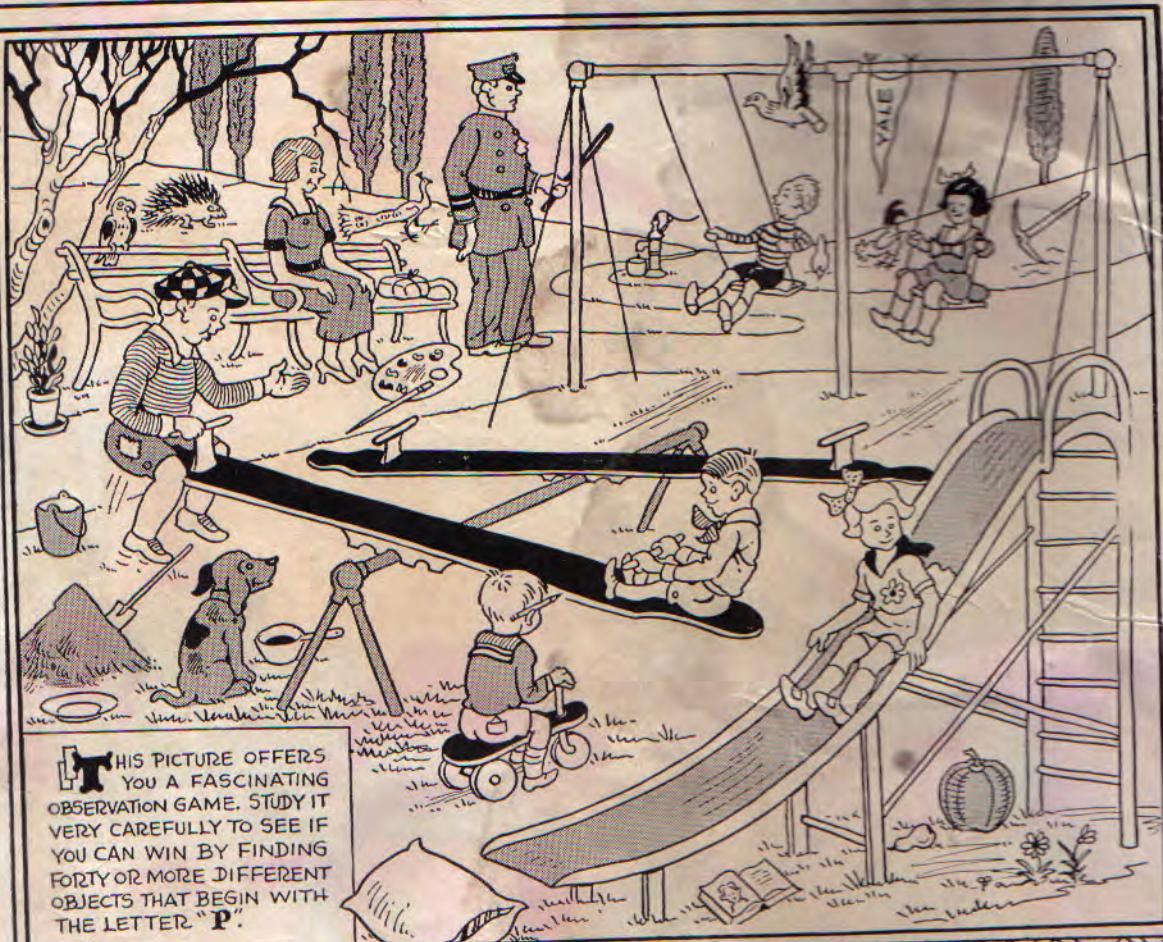


THE SKYMAN



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

BIG SHOT COMICS GAME PAGE

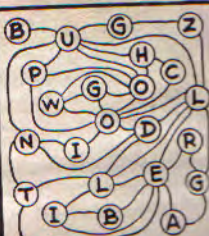


THIS PICTURE OFFERS YOU A FASCINATING OBSERVATION GAME. STUDY IT VERY CAREFULLY TO SEE IF YOU CAN WIN BY FINDING FORTY OR MORE DIFFERENT OBJECTS THAT BEGIN WITH THE LETTER "P".

TO WIN THIS WORD GAME YOU MUST SPELL 12 OR MORE ENGLISH WORDS BY USING ONLY THE LETTERS

IN THE WORD "SUMMER."

SUMMER



START FROM ANY LETTER AND MOVE ALONG A LINE TO THE NEXT LETTER.

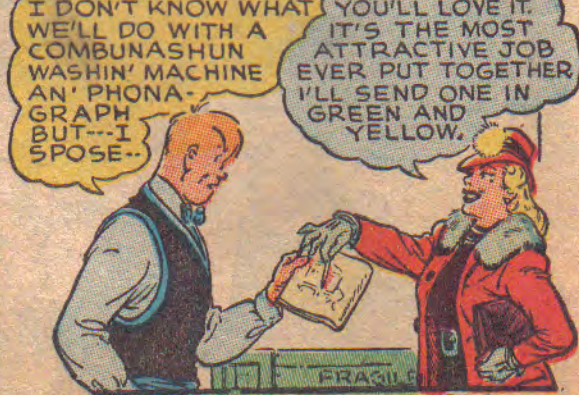
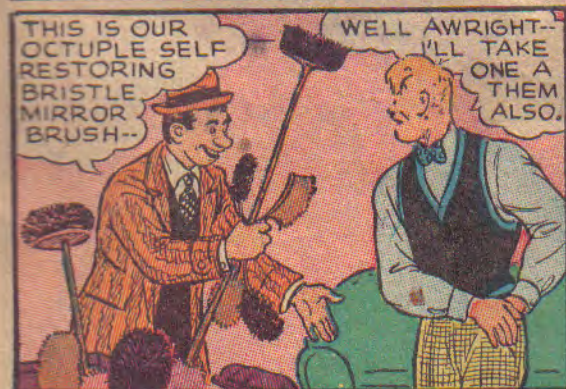
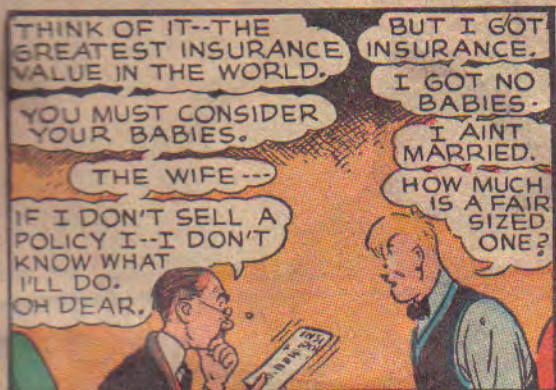
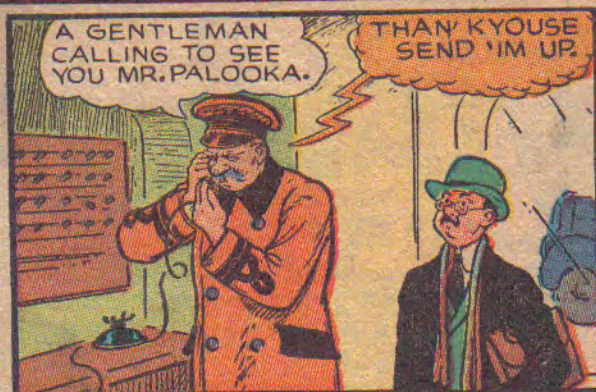
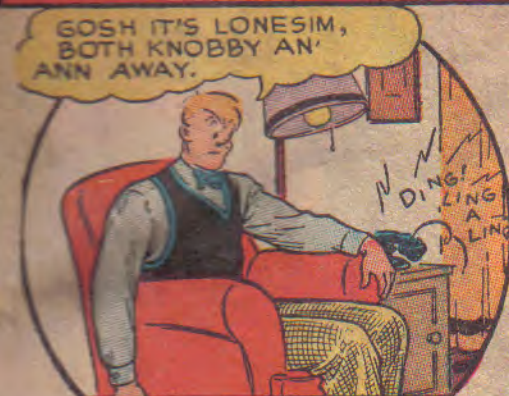
BY DOING THIS TRY TO SPELL THE NAMES OF EIGHT DIFFERENT BREEDS OF DOGS.



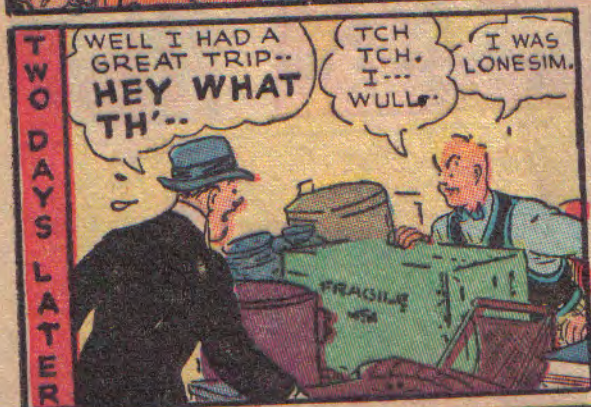
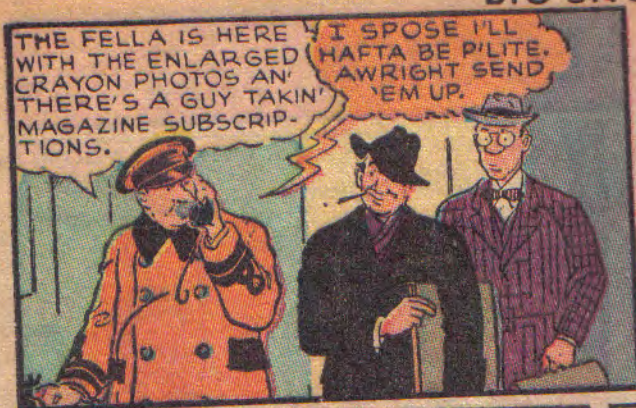
TO WIN THIS GAME YOU MUST LEAD THE SQUIRREL TO THE TREE WITHOUT GOING INTO A PATH THAT WILL LEAD TO THE DOG.

WINNUGENTS

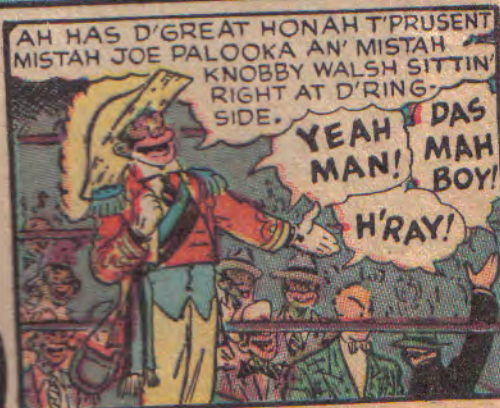
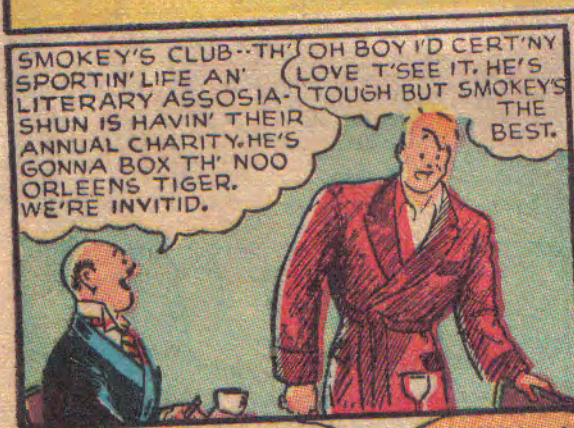
JOE PALOOKA



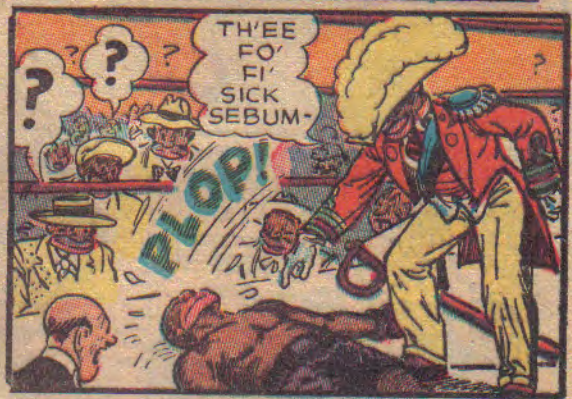
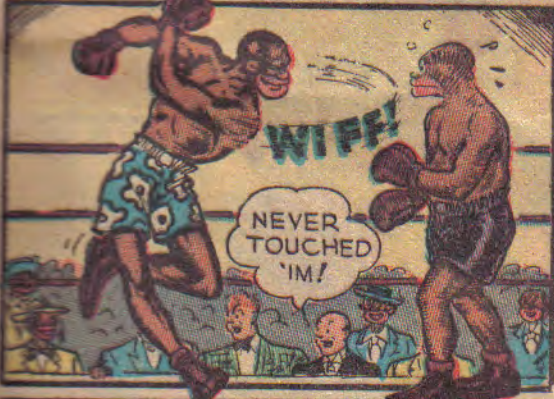
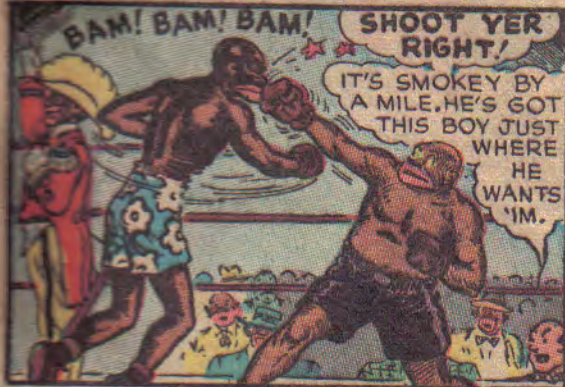
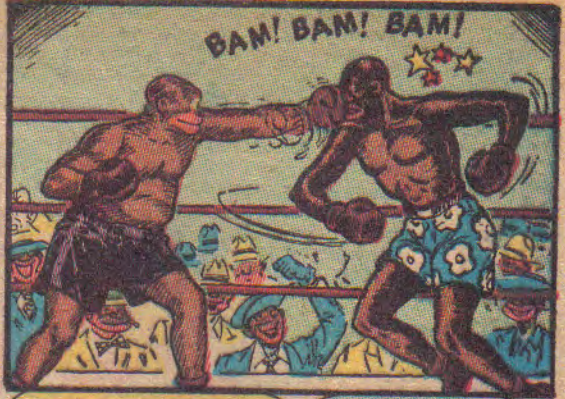
BIG SHOT



JOE PALOOKA



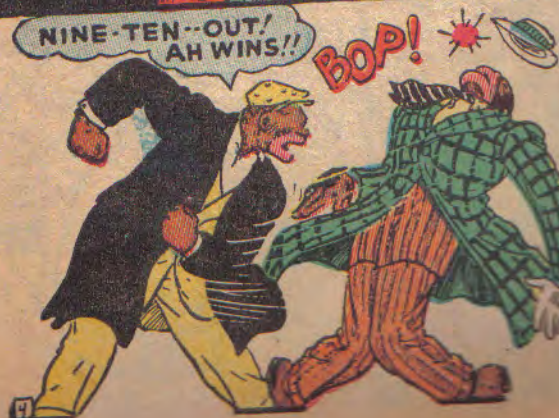
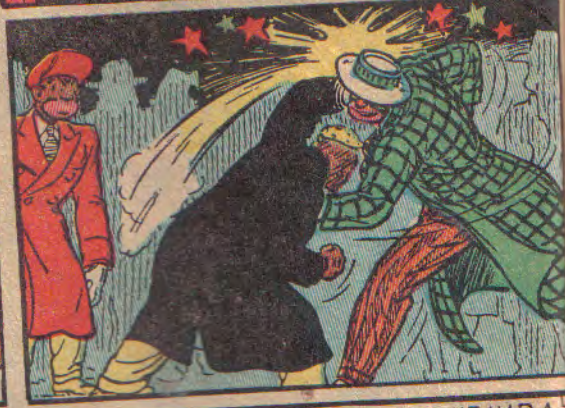
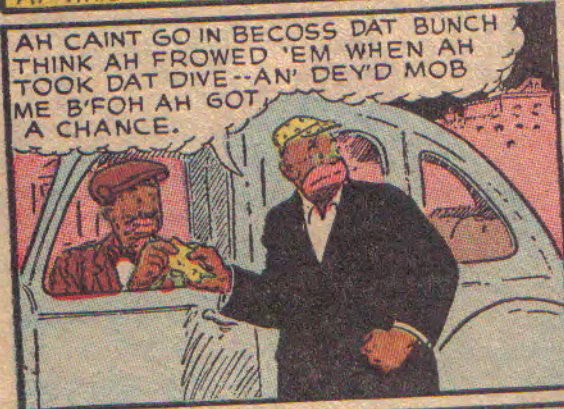
BIG SHOT



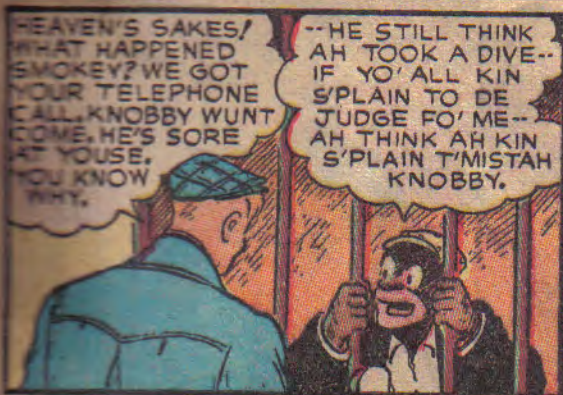
JOE PALOOKA



THE PARTY FOLLOWING THE SMOKER AT WHICH SMOKEY TOOK A DIVE.



BIG SHOT



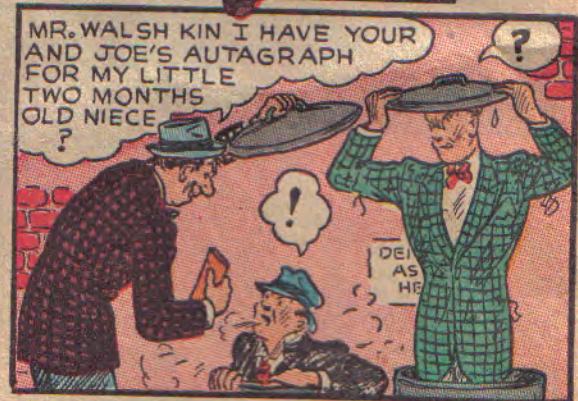
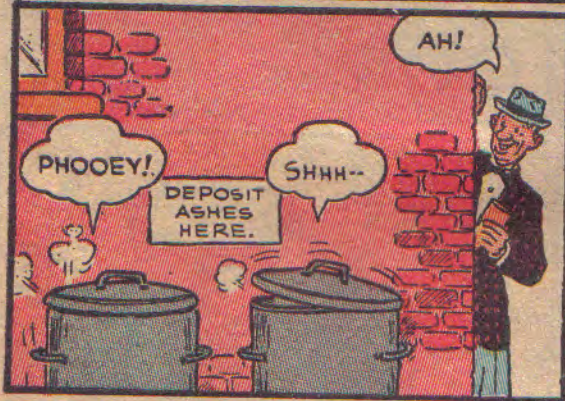
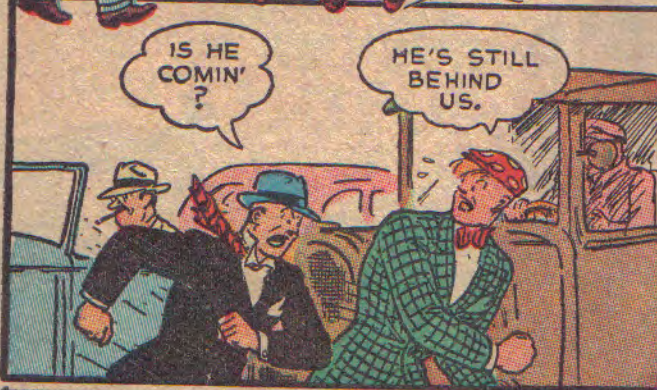
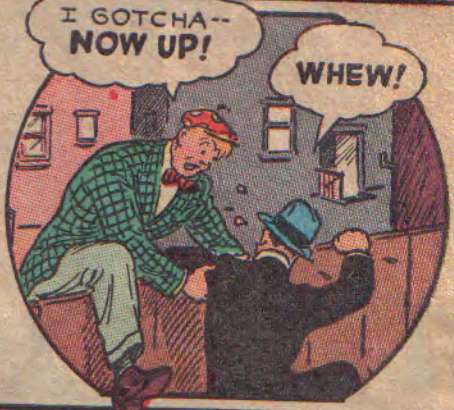
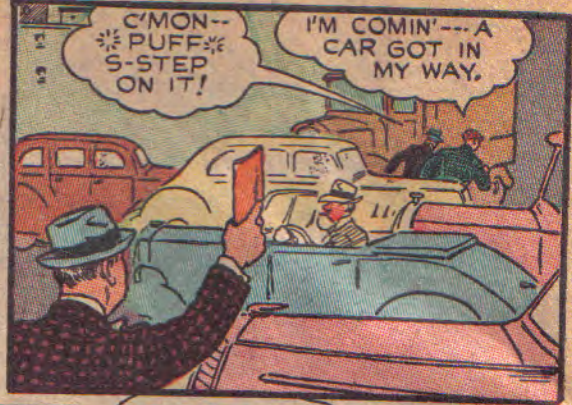
JOE PALOOKA



BIG SHOT

THIS IS GOOD LUCK--
JOE PALOOKA
AND KNOBBY
WALSH--

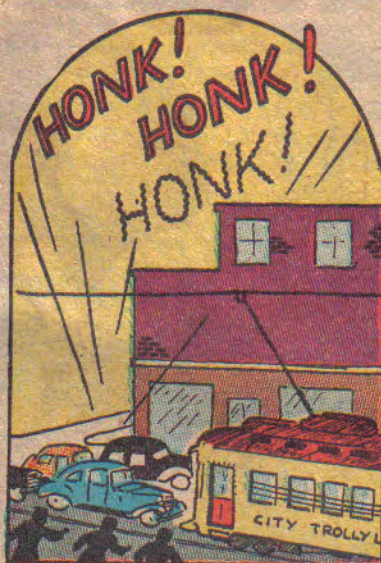
ABOUT FACE--
RUN--IT'S ANOTHER
ONE--



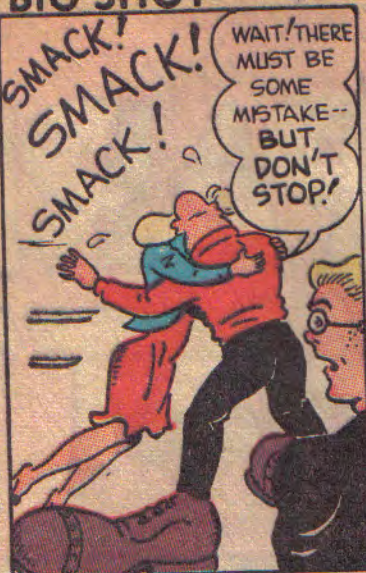
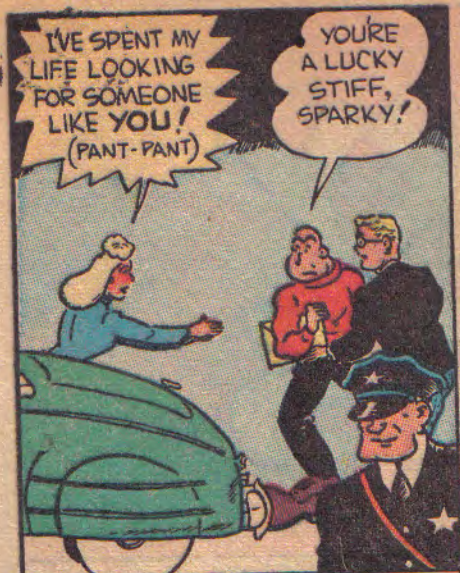
"A COMIC MAGAZINE FOR ALL THE FAMILY"

BIG SHOT

SPARKY WATTS



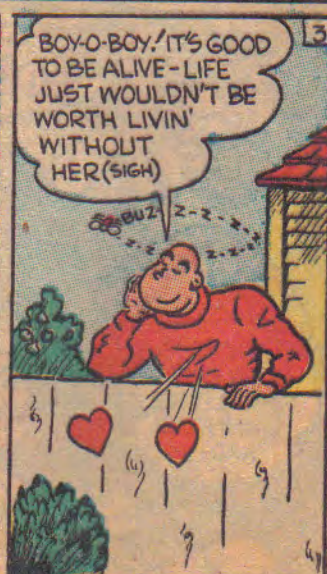
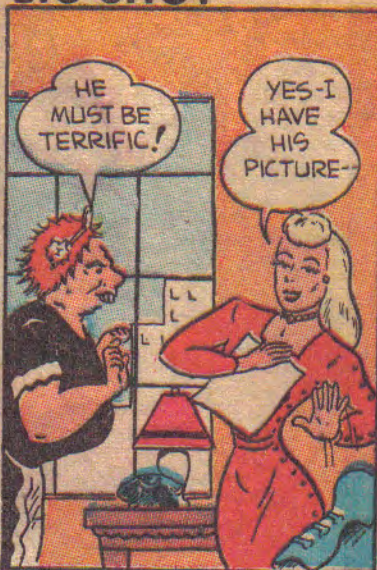
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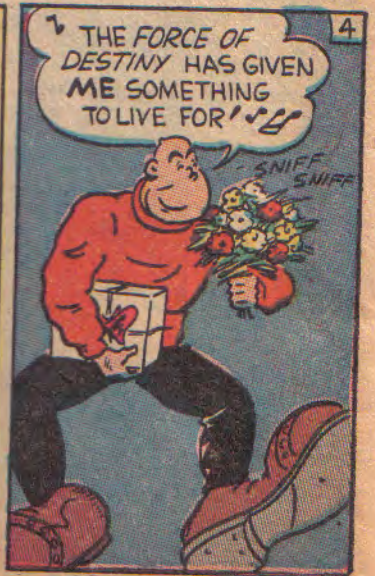
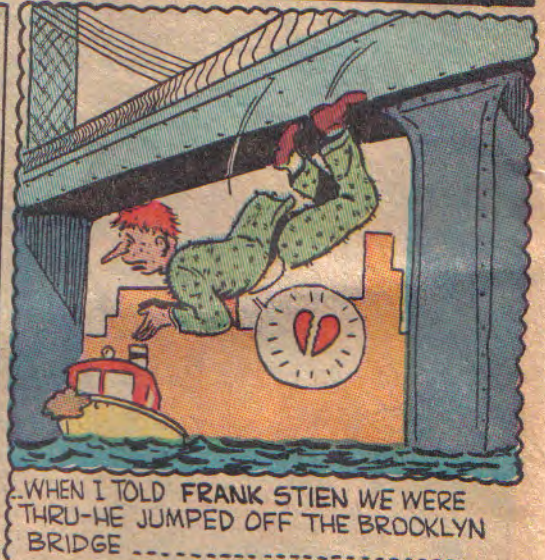
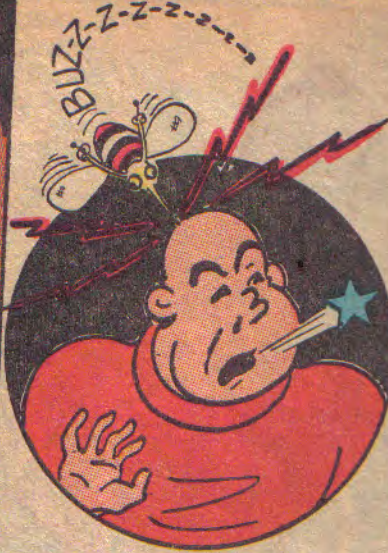
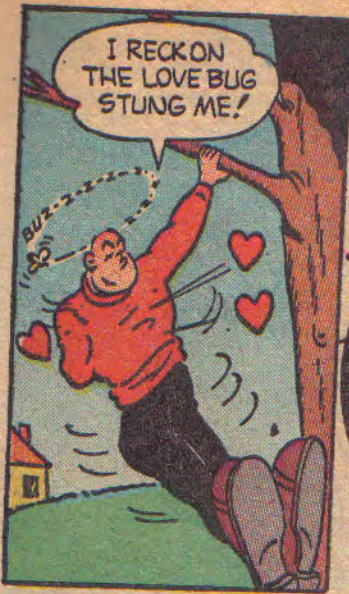
LATER.



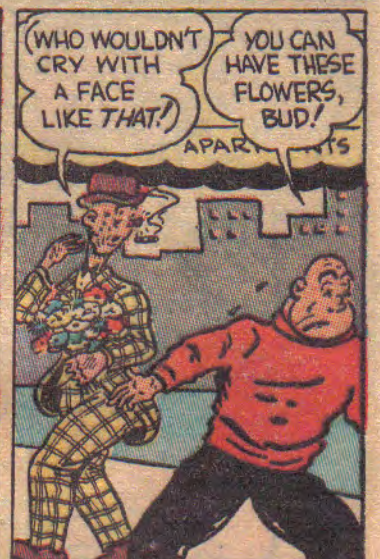
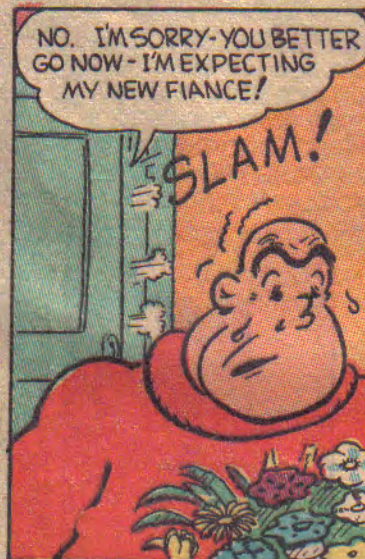
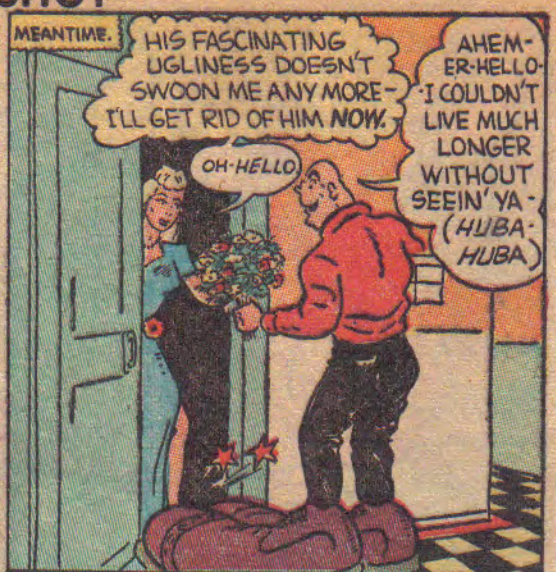
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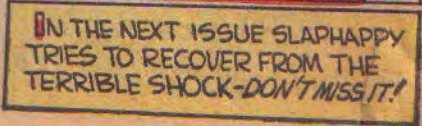
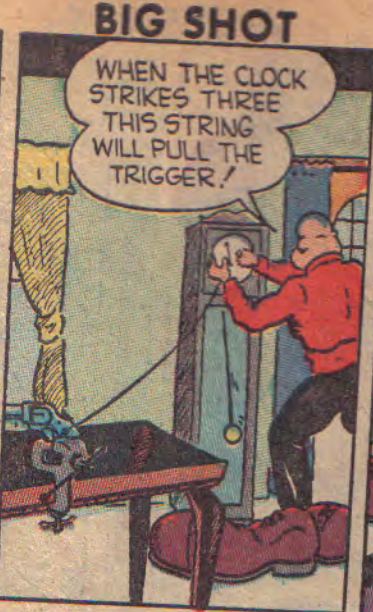
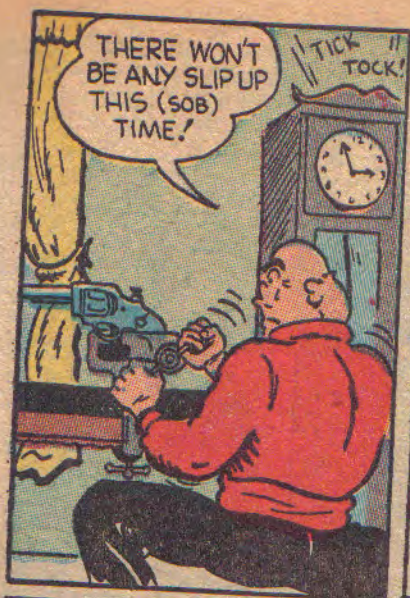
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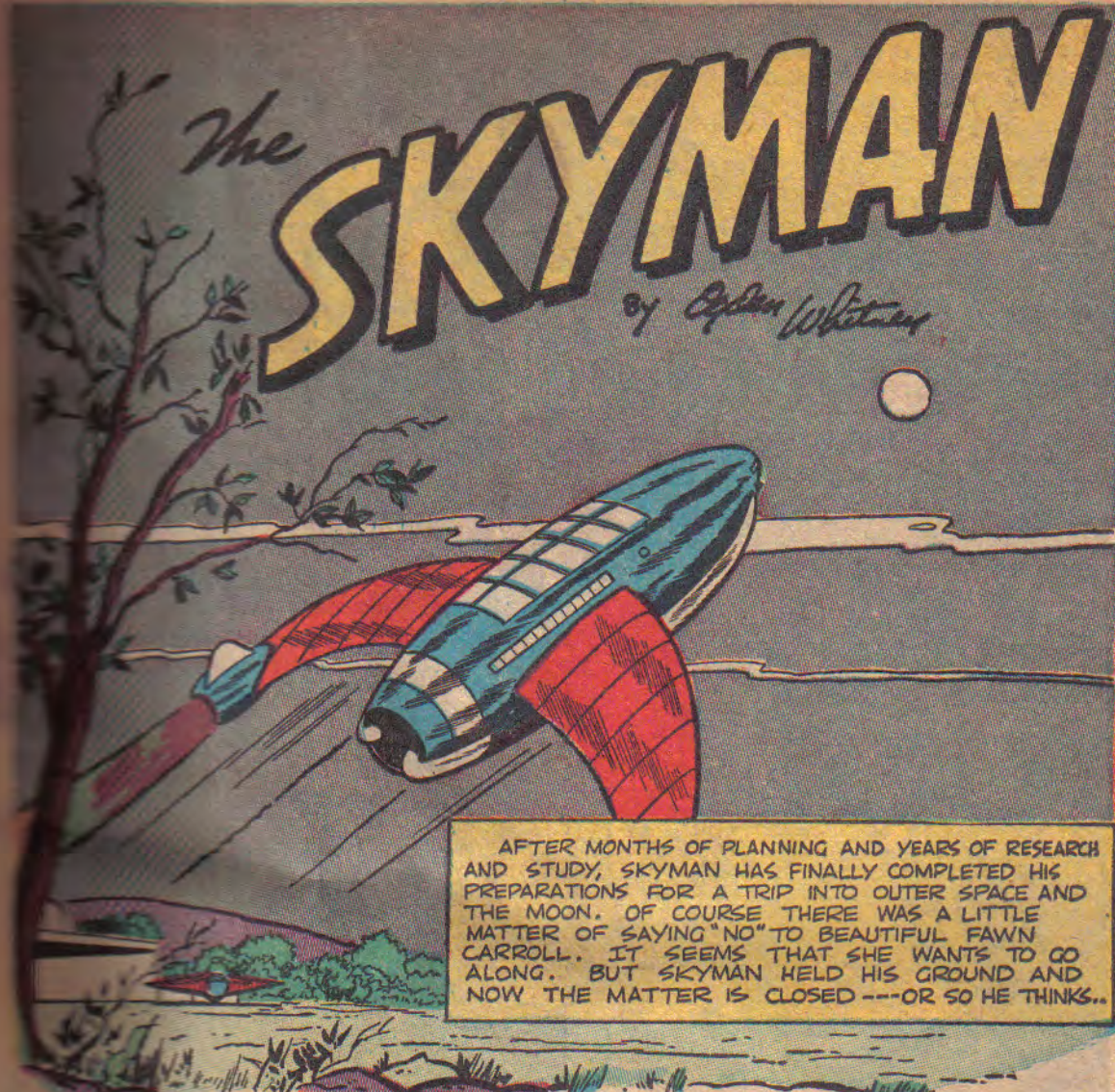
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IN THE NEXT ISSUE SLAPHAPPY TRIES TO RECOVER FROM THE TERRIBLE SHOCK--DON'T MISS IT!

The SKYMAN

by *Caplan Whitney*



AFTER MONTHS OF PLANNING AND YEARS OF RESEARCH AND STUDY, SKYMAN HAS FINALLY COMPLETED HIS PREPARATIONS FOR A TRIP INTO OUTER SPACE AND THE MOON. OF COURSE THERE WAS A LITTLE MATTER OF SAYING "NO" TO BEAUTIFUL FAWN CARROLL. IT SEEMS THAT SHE WANTS TO GO ALONG. BUT SKYMAN HELD HIS GROUND AND NOW THE MATTER IS CLOSED ---OR SO HE THINKS..

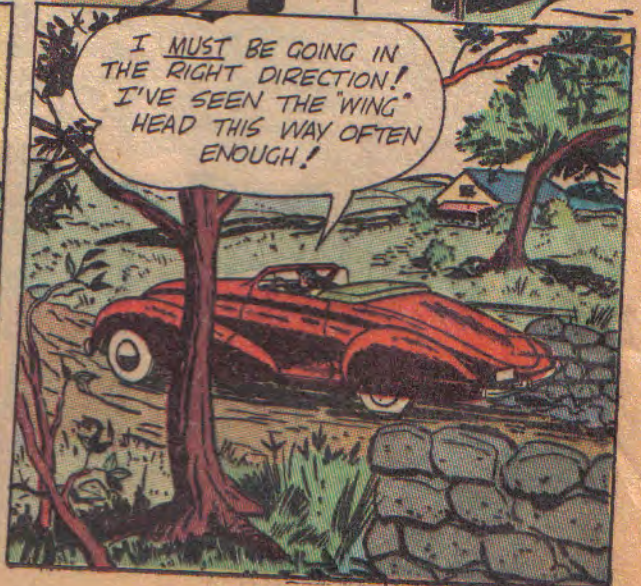
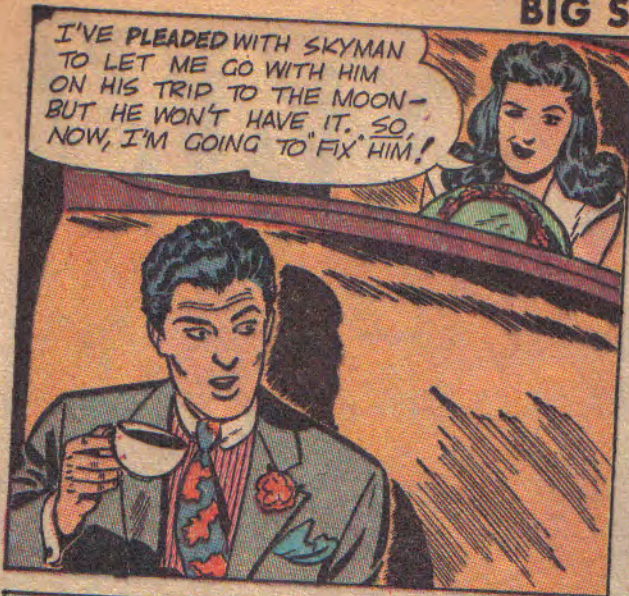
I'M SO GLAD THAT YOU COULD HAVE LUNCH WITH ME TODAY, JOAN!

WHAT IS THIS "IMPORTANT" THING YOU HAVE TO TELL ME. NOT GOING TO MARRY SKYMAN, ARE YOU?

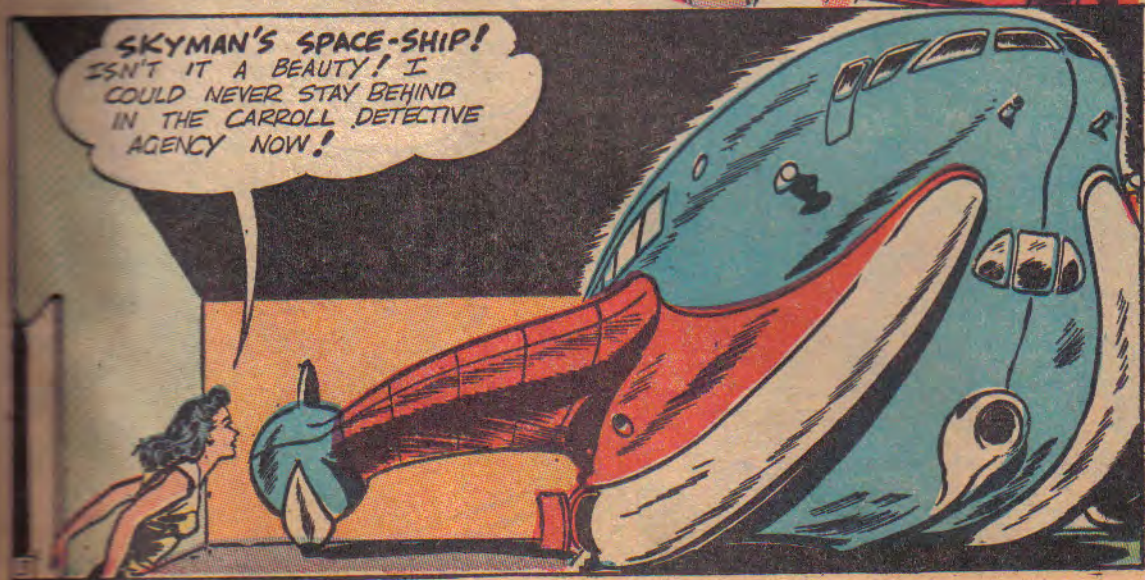
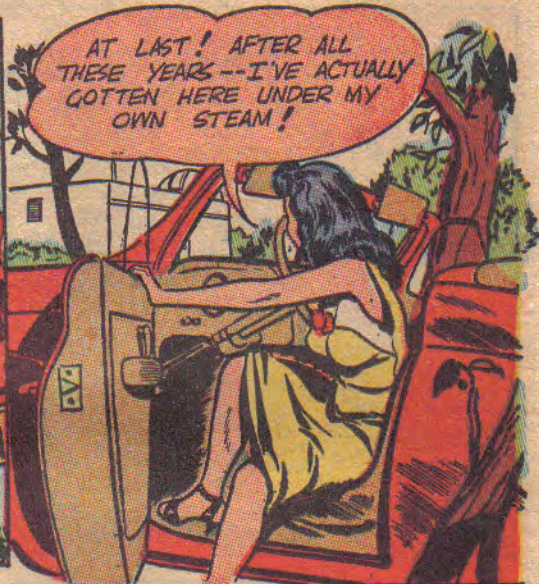
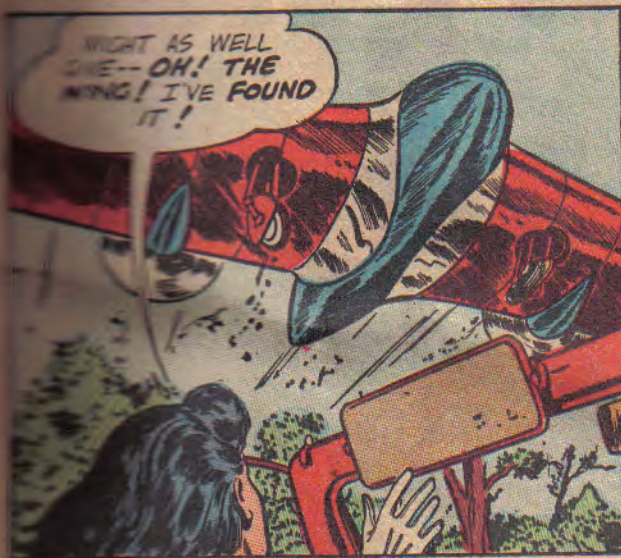
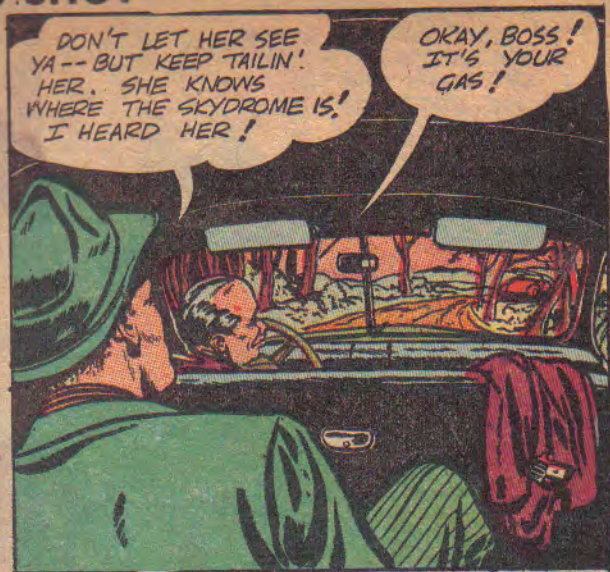
YOU KNOW, YOU'RE CRAZY ENOUGH ABOUT THE GUY TO --

OH! IF HE WOULD ONLY ASK ME -- BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU --!

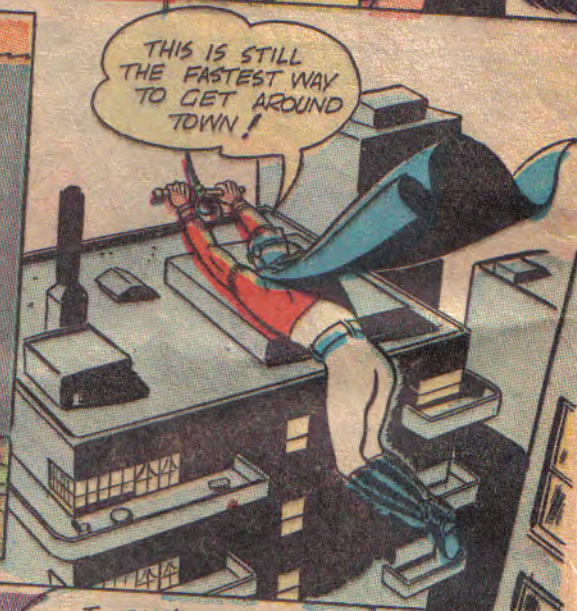
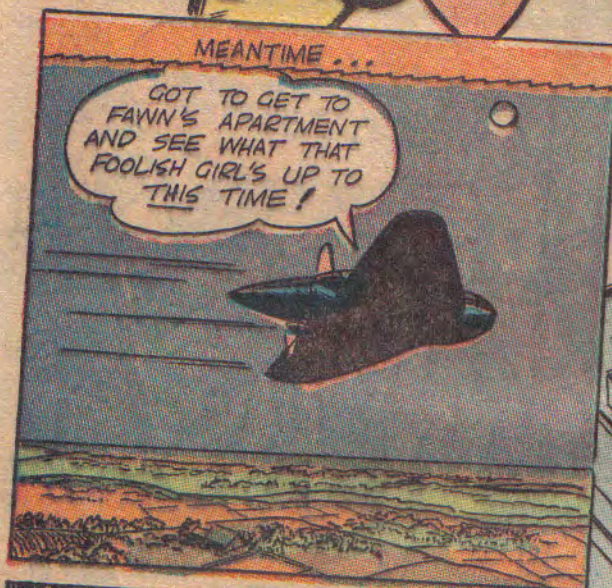
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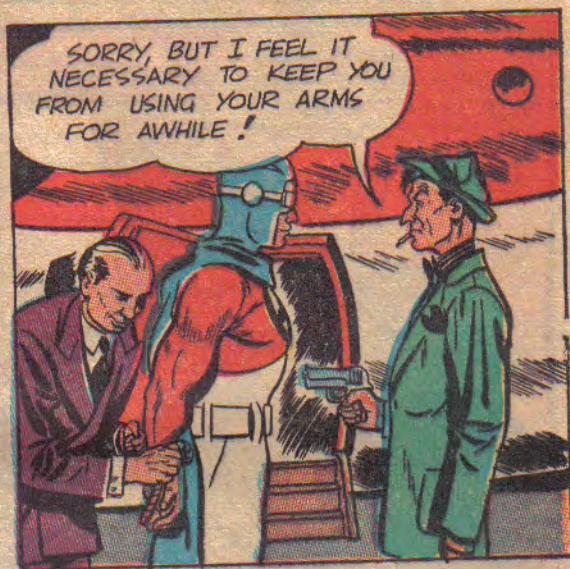
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

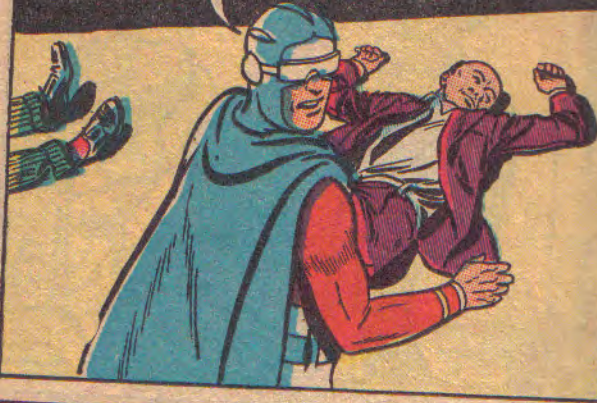


BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM! NOW--FAWN--
WHERE IS SHE? I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN--



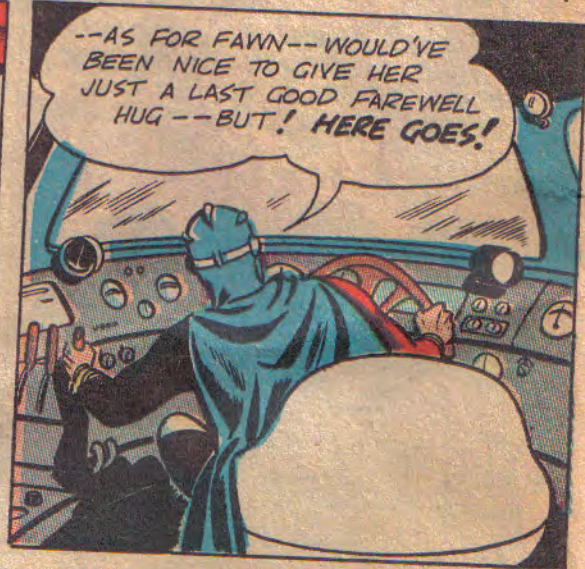
THAT DOES IT! I'M LEAVING TONIGHT! THE LONGER I STAY--THE LESS CHANCE OF MY GOING!



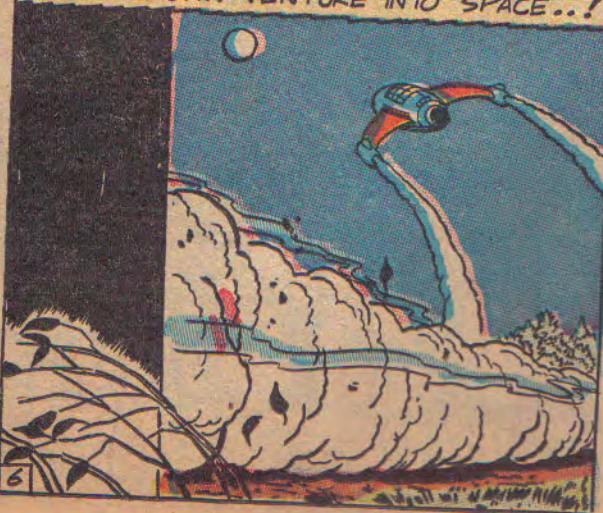
LIKE TO PHONE UNCLE PETE-- BUT IT'S PROBABLY BETTER THIS WAY!



--AS FOR FAWN-- WOULD'VE BEEN NICE TO GIVE HER JUST A LAST GOOD FAREWELL HUG -- BUT! HERE GOES!



WITH A MIGHTY ROAR SKYMAN STARTS ON AN UNKNOWN VENTURE INTO SPACE...!



WE'RE LEAVING EARTH, AND LOOK WHAT I'VE DONE! LOCKED MYSELF IN ALONE !!

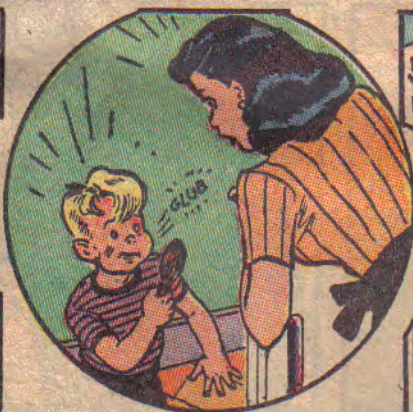


NEXT ISSUE: THE MOON AND THE LUNATIC

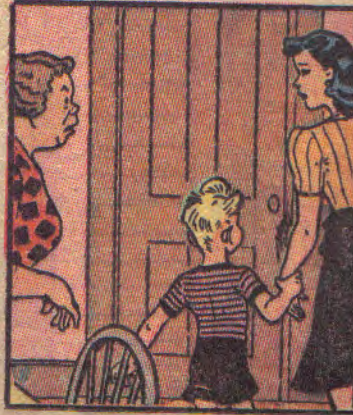
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DIXIE DUGAN

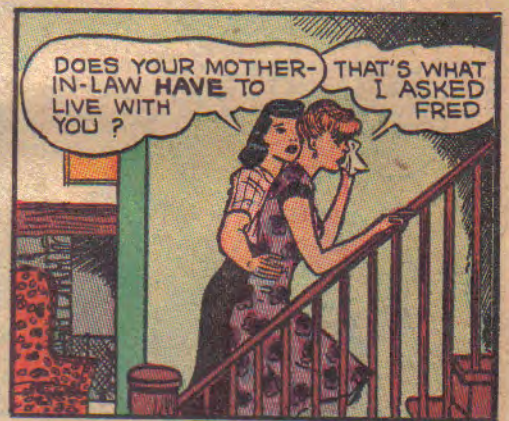
By McEVoy and STRIEBEL



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BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

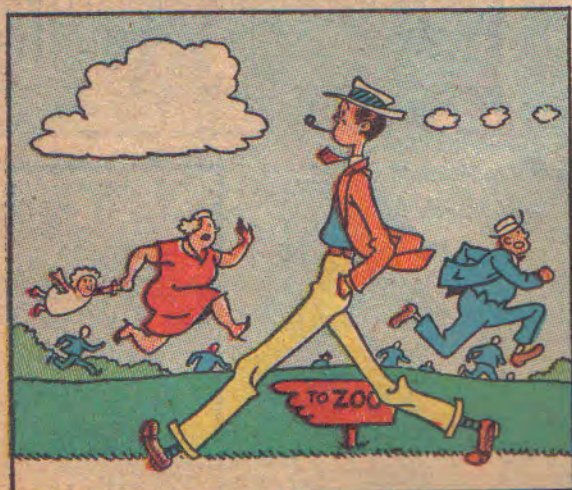


DIXIE
APPEARS
IN
EVERY
ISSUE
OF
BIG
SHOT

BIG SHOT

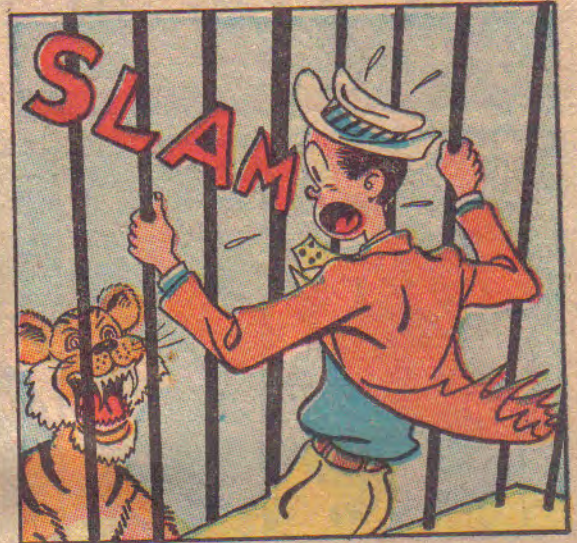
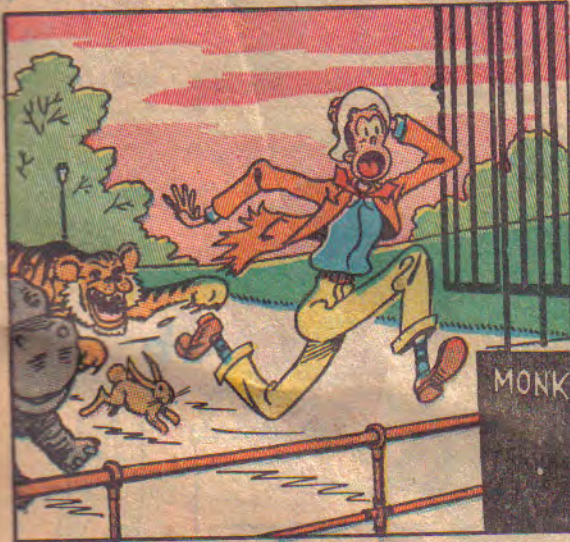
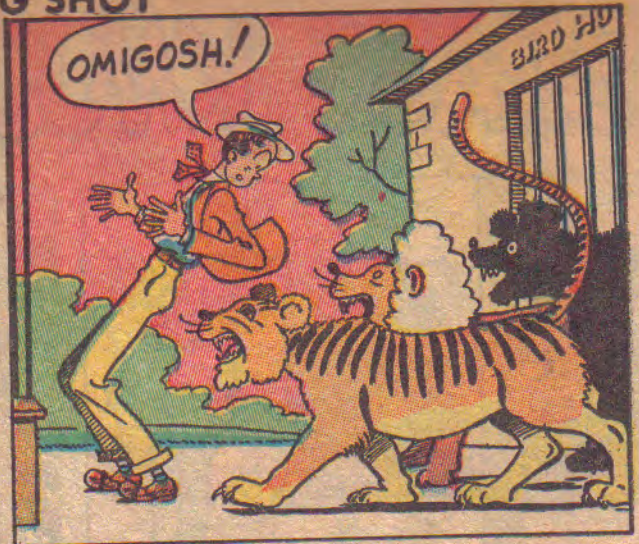
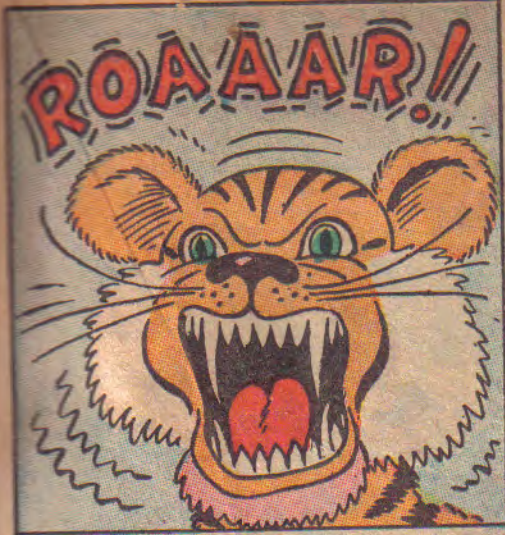
BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY



The humorous adventures of **BRASS KNUCKLES**

BIG SHOT

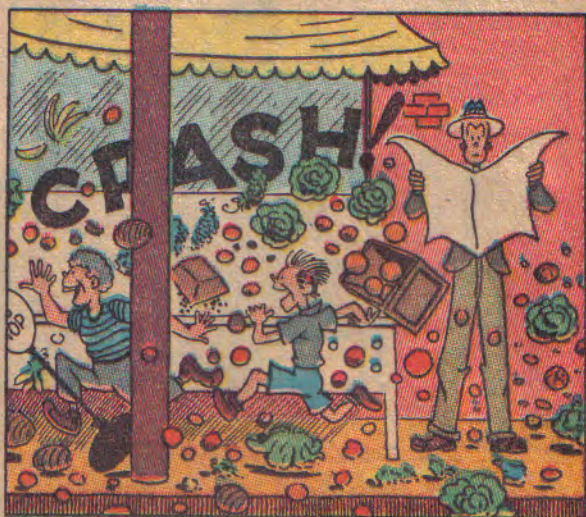
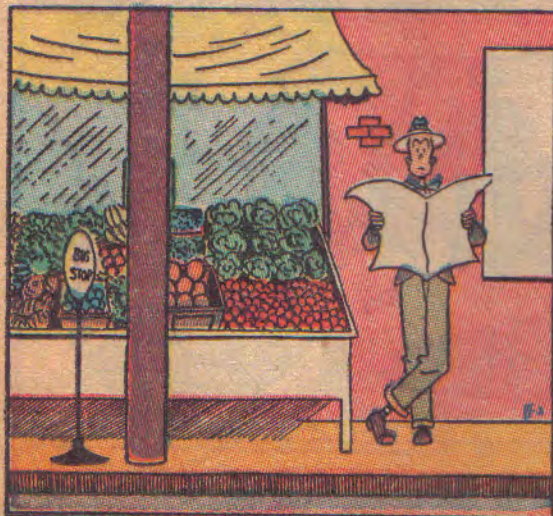
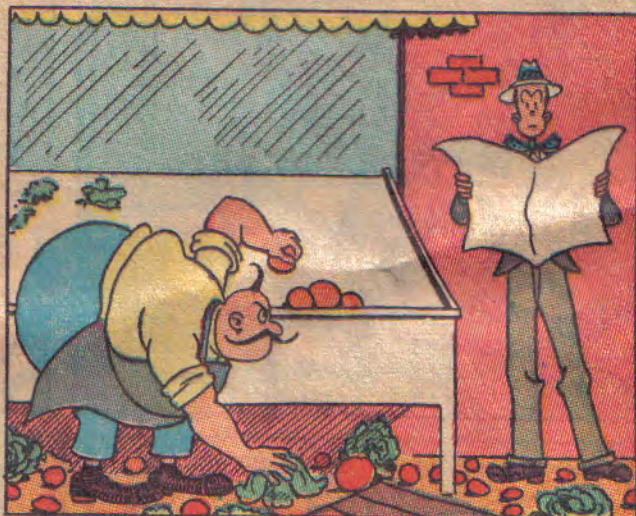
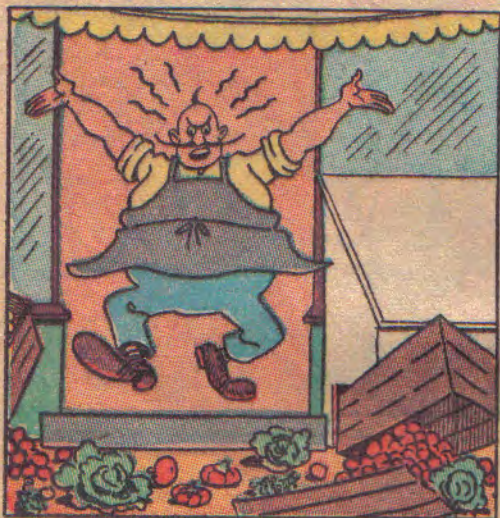
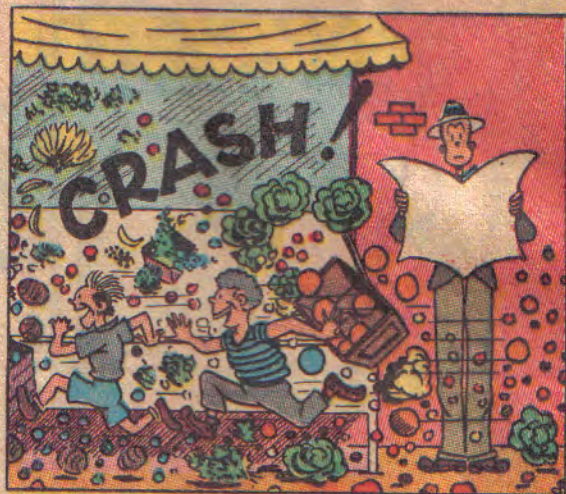
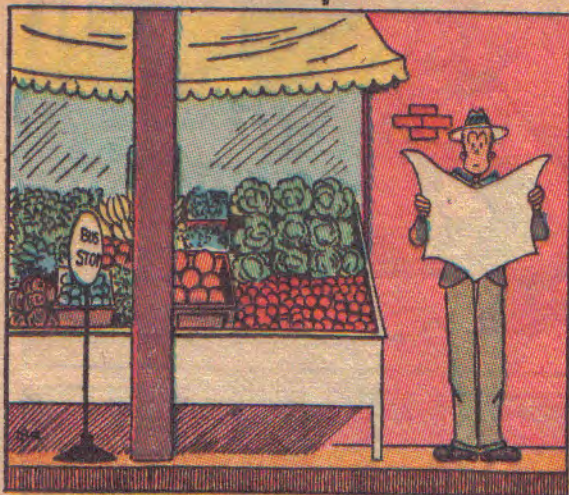


appear each and every month in **BIG SHOT COMICS!**

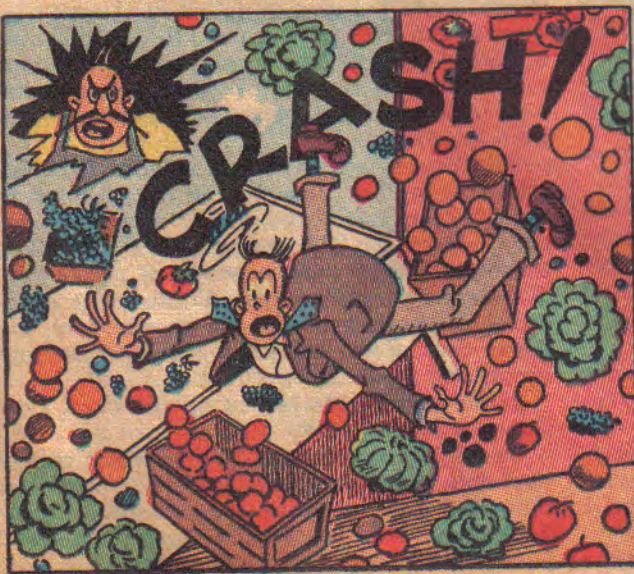
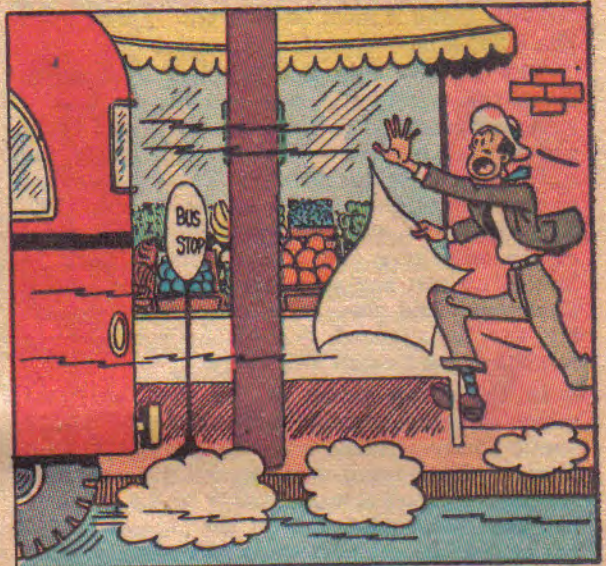
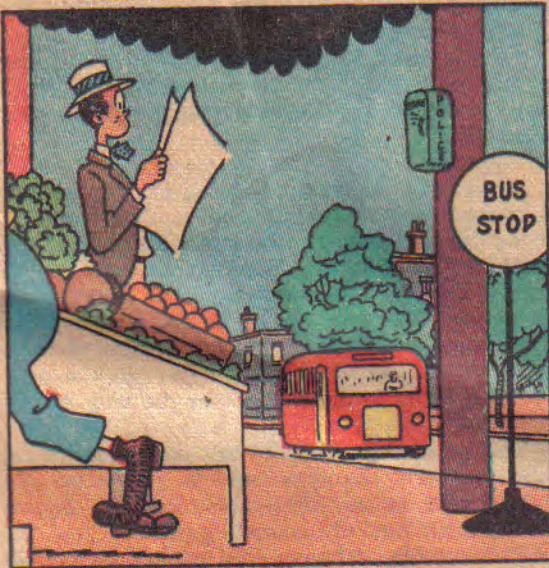
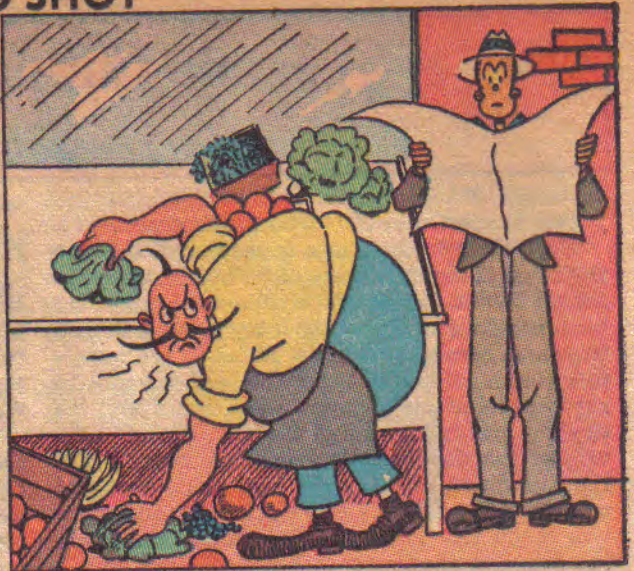
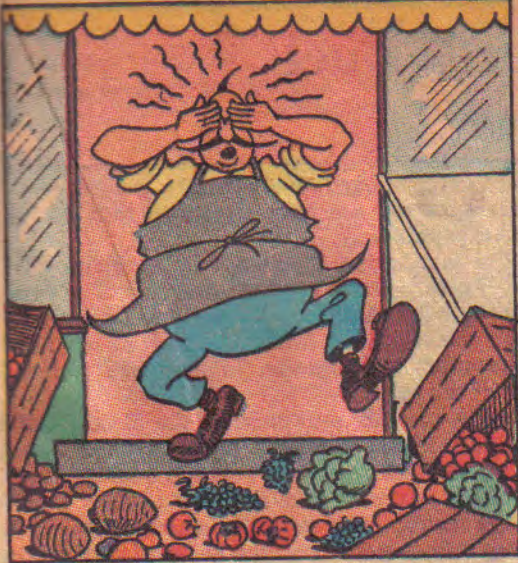
BIG SHOT

BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY



BIG SHOT



Jamie Cuthbert's Duel

By MART BAILEY

SQUIRE KINGSMAN had decided to kill young Jamie Cuthbert. The problem was how.

Ever since he had sent a pistol ball through the head of eighteen year old Thomas Galen in a duel behind Holliday's Woods, the Squire had been sensitive to the angry looks around Boston Town. There was no doubt about it; the townsfolk suspected him of using the field of honor to rid himself of his enemies. His sword and his dueling pistols had killed too many men. Certain of the deadly skill which had earned him the reputation of being the best pistol shot and swordsman in His Majesty's colonies, the Squire was much too quick to take offense and much too hasty to challenge—when it pleased him.

With Jamie it must be different. Jamie must challenge him.

The Squire's thin lips twitched in a smile. Even the drizzly wet day and the rivulets of rain that cascaded through the leaky roof could not dampen his spirits. He was standing in the open shed next to Brewer's Tavern, awaiting the arrival of the stage from New York City. The shed was quite crowded today, for most of the commerce and communication came to Boston by cart and stagecoach since the British Parliament had closed the harbor in retaliation for the little social event that was already famous as the Boston Tea Party.

In the damp gloom of the shed he could make out the gigantic silhouettes of young Jamie Cuthbert and Paddy Doyle, The Dublin Terror. Both were wearing tri-cornered hats and heavy caped cloaks. Neither of the pugilists had seen the Squire, and for the present he did not care to be seen by them. Pressing against the wet supporting beam of the shed, he measured Jamie. Perhaps he would thrust his sword to the hilt through the fighter's strong young body; or perhaps he would do the bloody deed with a pistol. It was a matter of taste. The Squire fancied his discrimination in such deviltry, not caring that day by day the black pit of hell yawned wider and more hungrily for him.

"Don't be disappointed if the money doesn't come," The Dublin Terror was telling his young Scots friend. "These are troublesome days. Everything is disrupted, so it may be that our money cannot be sent from England at this time."

The Irishman's thick brogue carried clearly through the open shed. The Squire gave up his sadistic thoughts to listen intently.

"Meanwhile," The Dublin Terror continued, unaware of his large audience. "It is pleasant here in America on the Holliday farm. And I don't think that you really want to leave it."

Squire Kingsman's lips lifted in a sneer as the

older fighter nudged an elbow into Jamie's ribs.

The gibe did not have the effect that Paddy had anticipated.

"The fact is that I do want to leave the Holliday Farm," Jamie replied soberly. "I'm tired of being a hired hand. I can't ask Dorothy to marry me while her father has to feed my hungry mouth." Like Paddy, Jamie spoke as if he were in the town hall.

Paddy put his arm around the Scot giant's shoulder. "You wouldn't have to be a hired hand if we could just move on and arrange some exhibition fights for you. But you'd rather moon around the Holliday farm like a sick calf!"

The rain drummed on the shingled roof while Squire Kingsman held his breath waiting for Jamie's reply.

"If you want to know the truth, Paddy," the young man said, "I've been thinking perhaps I don't want to be the Heavyweight Champion after all."

"What!"

"I mean it. What did fighting get you, except a broken face that your own mother wouldn't recognize and a lonely life tramping around the world with not a real friend except me?"

The Dublin Terror snorted. "It hasn't been that bad!" Then, glimpsing Squire Kingsman in the gloom, Paddy added: "It has been most satisfying to my immortal soul to bash in the ugly faces of those louts who got in the way of my two fists."

The implication was not lost upon the Squire, who met The Dublin Terror's glowering eye with a cold sneer. Under his cloak the Squire caressed the butt of his dueling pistol.

The rumble of heavy iron wheels on cobble stones broke the tension, followed the next instant by the crack of whips and the sharp clatter of horses' hooves. The stage made a precarious turn around the corner, its driver swaying on the box. A joyous shouting and laughter swelled up from the shed.

The Squire was expecting a letter from his attorneys in New York, but he hung behind to see whether Jamie and Paddy received what they expected. The two pugilists did. The coachman passed them a packet of letters first. The Squire's reptilian eyes glittered with interest as the coachman and the guards slung the metal chest down from the coach with many grunts and groans.

Jamie and Paddy picked up the chest as if it were a feather pillow.

The Squire was the kind of man whom money impresses more than anything else. Doubtless the chest held a good-sized fortune. Squire Kingsman, the long-legged snake, regarded Jamie and Paddy with more respect; but jeal-

BIG SHOT

ousy flamed higher in his black soul, and he was more resolved to kill young Jamie.

Snatching his mail from the coachman without a murmur of thanks, Squire Kingsman hastily strode after the two prize-fighters.

"I could not help overhearing you speak of your approaching marriage," the Squire said with a little bow to Jamie. "Perhaps you would come into the tavern and allow me to drink a toast to you and the bride-to-be?"

"The bride-to-be herself doesn't know about the marriage," Paddy laughed. Then, recognizing the Squire, he snapped: "We want no drinks with the likes of you!"

"Come, come, gentlemen!" the Squire protested with a show of good humor. "I have done you no wrong, have I?"

"None, except to try to have us sold to you as bond servants, and generally to pollute the fresh air of what otherwise would be a fine country," Paddy growled.

He and Jamie tried to brush past.

"Permit me to make amends then," the Squire insisted. "Surely it is only Christian to forgive the penitent."

Paddy snorted. "It's Christian to avoid bad company."

The Squire chortled as if that were a good joke. "Let me show you what good company I can be," he said, and taking Jamie's arm, steered him and Paddy into Brewer's Tavern.

II

IT WAS NEVER clear to Jamie Cuthbert how Squire Kingsman inveigled him into the card game.

Almost it seemed to have been done by sorcery. One moment the three of them were seated around a table in the tavern and toasting the bride-to-be who did not know of her approaching marriage; the Squire and The Dublin Terror were drinking brandy while Jamie sipped milk from a bowl. Then, quite as if by magic or the devil's own witchcraft, a deck of playing cards appeared on the table, and they were playing a game of whist. A darkly scarred seaman sat in as Squire Kingsman's partner.

And Jamie suddenly knew, with a swift flash of intuition, that the evil Squire was playing for stakes higher than those on the table.

At first, so bland and courteous was he, it was impossible to tell what the Squire was doing. But subtly he was trying to get Jamie to lose his temper. Patronizingly he chided Jamie for his inability to concentrate on the game. Then he spoke boldly of his own forthcoming marriage with Dorothy Holliday, knowing that she was Jamie's nameless bride-to-be whom they had been toasting. He allowed himself to appear clumsy at his card cheating.

Paddy's eyelid flickered at Jamie—a gesture as meaningful as any passed from the ringside to warn Jamie to keep his head and let his opponent lose his. It was an old adage with

Paddy that when you lost your temper, you lost the fight.

So it was that Jamie managed to keep his head, and let the Squire's gibes and cheating break over him like waves breaking against a mountain. At first the Squire was cold, egotistically sure of his mastery of the situation. Then gradually the blood reddened his usually pale countenance; his nostrils dilated with growing anger. His tongue became more venomous, so vilely insulting that Jamie had to exercise every last ounce of patience that years in the tough prize-ring had given him.

From time to time Paddy flickered encouragement to Jamie out of the corner of his eye.

Finally, the Squire could stand it no longer. For nearly an hour his worst efforts brought only a grin or a blank stare from this stupid hulk of a prizefighter seated opposite him. The young man's calm self-possession at last infuriated the Squire beyond all control. Let the townsfolk talk! He would force this duel! He would kill this man!

He flung the cards across the table and slapped Jamie's face.

The sharp crack of the slap carried the length of the taproom. All eyes fixed on the tableau of baffled fury and grinning impudence. Paddy Doyle sat still, his quick blue eye absorbing every detail and waiting for the next move. The darkly scarred seaman, the fourth man at the table, sat like a statue, knowing that one false gesture would earn him a broken skull.

"So! I have challenged you!" Squire Kingsman roared at Jamie. "What weapons do you choose for the duel and when?"

The breath almost whistled through his distended nostrils. But now that matters had reached this climax, the Squire was glad. What difference did it make who issued the challenge? Soon he would have the satisfaction of putting this offensive rival off the earth, either by the sword or with a well-directed pistol ball.

Squire Kingsman stood up from the table and awaited Jamie's reply. The whole room was listening.

"As the party challenged, I have the privilege of choosing the weapons?" Jamie asked mildly.

"Yes," the Squire answered impatiently. "Which shall it be sword or pistol?"

Jamie chuckled. "Neither."

"Neither?" Squire Kingsman scowled.

A wide grin slowly spread over Jamie's mouth, revealing the space lately vacated by his front tooth.

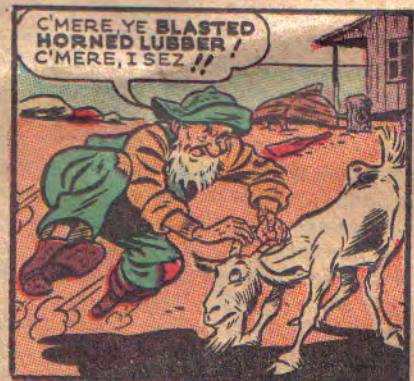
"I choose fists—now!"

And as Squire Kingsman looked down upon the grinning young pugilist whose strength was that of a dozen wild bears, he saw that the trap had sprung upon himself. The triumph in the Squire's mean little eyes gave way to ratlike terror.

Rising to his full six-foot-four-inches, young Jamie began peeling off his jacket.

Next Issue—Squire Kingsman's Front Tooth

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

Cranberry BOGGS

LOOK, GRANNY, I UNCOVERED TH' OL' ICE CREAM FREEZER AN' ME AN' WOODCHUCK WAS JIST WONDERIN' IF WE COULD MAKE UP A BATCH?

A FINE IDEA, M'LADS. DRIVE OVER TO MRS. O'LEARY'S FER A GALLON OF CREAM AN' I'LL GIVE 'YE A HAND.

YIPPIE OH BOY!!

CAN'T YA MAKE THIS OL' SCOW GO ANY FASTER, CRAN? I'M JIST DYING FER ICE CREAM.

WE'LL SOON BE THERE!

ALL RIGHT, HERE BE YER CREAM, LADS. FINE AN' RICH IT BE TOO!

THANKS, MRS. O'LEARY ---WE'RE GONNA MAKE ICE CREAM TODAY. YES INDEEDY!

SAY- ANYTHIN' WRONG WITH YER MOTOR, CRAN? SOUNDS KINDA FUNNY!

G-G-GOLLY MOSES BETCHA WE'RE RUNNIN' OUTA GAS -- WE BETTER TAKE A SHORT CUT HOME

SWELL TH' QUICKER WE GET HOME - TH' QUICKER WE'LL GET ICE CREAM--WOW! WOT A ROAD!

THIS ALMOST CALLS FER A JEEP!

YUP- BUT WE GOTTA HURRY!

YA SURE THIS AIN'T AN OBSTACLE COURSE FER MOUNTAIN GOATS?

HOORAY! WE MADE PORT!

AHOY, GRANNY, HERE IS THE CREAM. NOW TO GET SOME ICE AN' WE'LL BE ALL SET!

HOLD ON, M'LADS! I'M AFRAID THERE WILL BE NO ICE CREAM MAKIN' TODAY--- WOT WE HAVE HERE BE BUTTER!

Don't Eat.

BIG SHOT

CHARLIE CHAN

LEE AND MERRY LEE HAVE BEEN INVITED TO A PARTY, BUT, UNKNOWN TO CHARLIE AND KIRK, THE INVITATION WAS A HOAX AND THE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED!

SO - THOSE ARE YOUR ALTERNATIVES - EITHER YOU HELP US TO KIDNAP DR. HARTZELL -

- OR YOU'LL DO SOMETHING TO MY POP! - WELL, WE WON'T DO IT! POP CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!

YES! BUT WHAT OF YOU AND THIS PRETTY LITTLE CHILD? COULD YOU BEAR TO SEE HER FACE SEARED BY A BRANDING IRON?

OHHHH, LEE!

YOU - YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT TO MERRY!

IT IS UP TO YOU! I SHALL GIVE YOU TIME TO THINK AND DECIDE - AND I SHALL COME BACK LATER!

WATER, AT CHAN'S HOUSE...

KIRK! IT IS FOUR O'CLOCK - AND LEE IS NOT YET HOME!

HAVE YOU CHECKED AT MERRY'S HOTEL?

YES! SHE HAS NOT RETURNED EITHER! THIS PERSON FRANKLY ADMITS TO BE WORRIED! LOOK - HERE IS INVITATION TO PARTY WHICH LEE RECEIVED!

COME TO A MYSTERY PARTY
AT 8:00 O'CLOCK
DRESS ORNATELY
BRING ONLY ONE GUEST
NO REFRESHMENTS
PLEASE BRING 1000
BEST GIRL SKEWED

IT IS PRETTY TERSE! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, CHARLIE?

NOT CERTAIN YET - BUT WE GO TO SEVEN OAKS AND INVESTIGATE!

THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A SET FOR A BORIS KARLOFF MOVIE! RING THE BELL, CHARLIE!

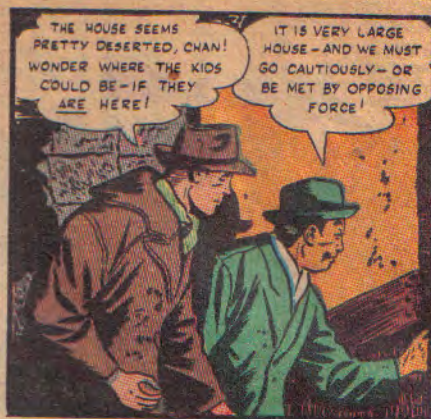
NO - WAIT - DOOR IS NOT LOCKED! PERHAPS IT IS BEST WE ENTER UNANNOUNCED!

LATER...

BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

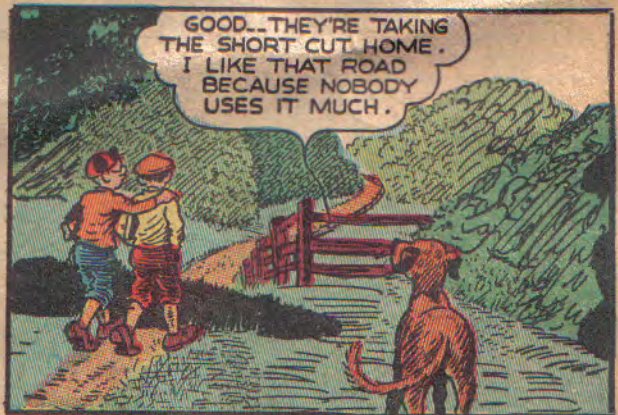
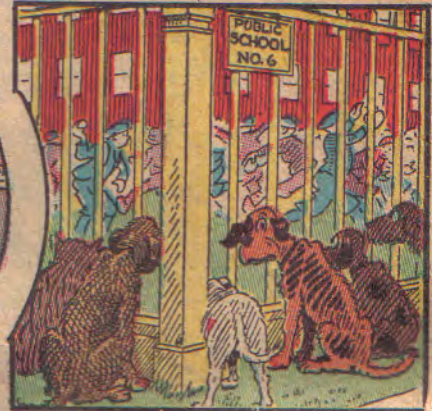
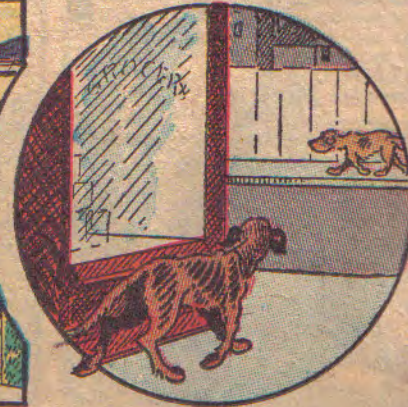


MORE OF CHARLIE CHAN NEXT ISSUE

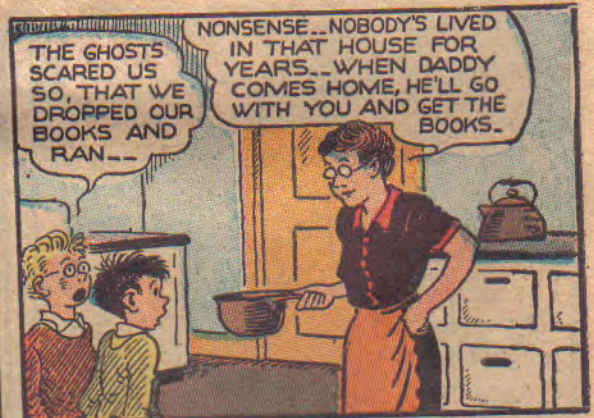
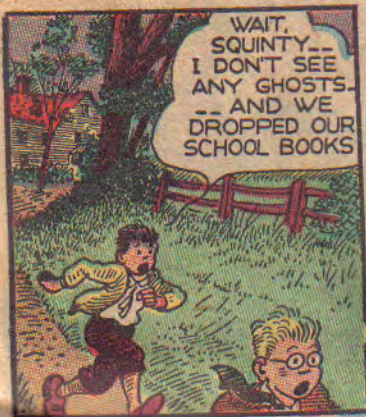
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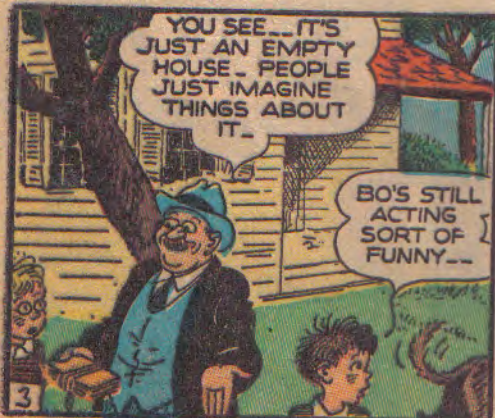
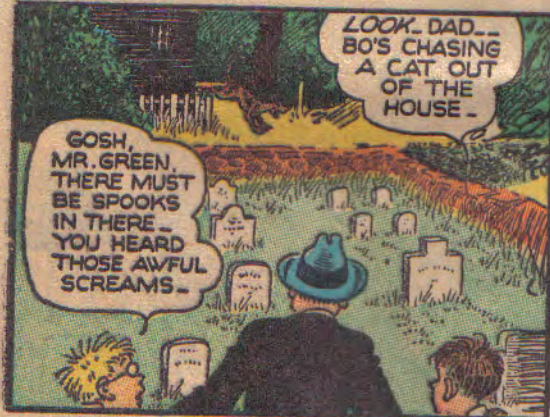
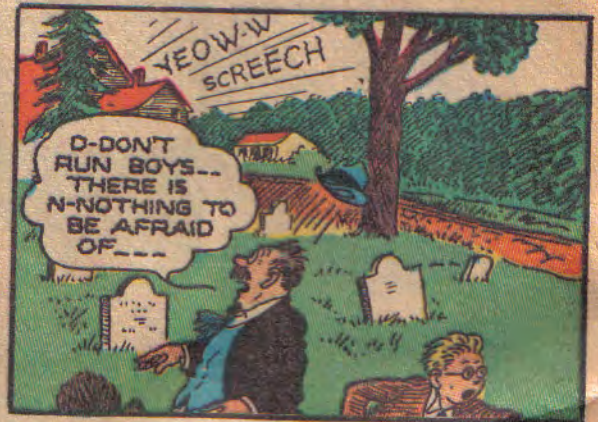
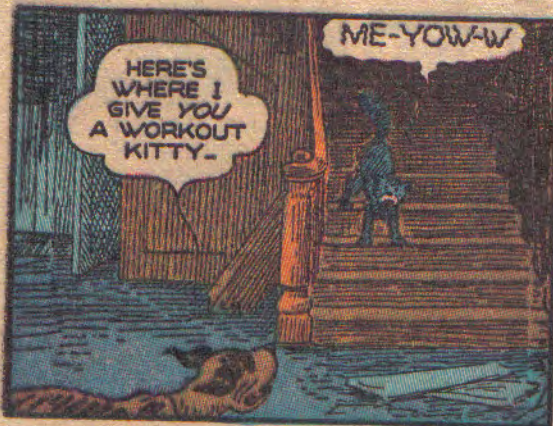
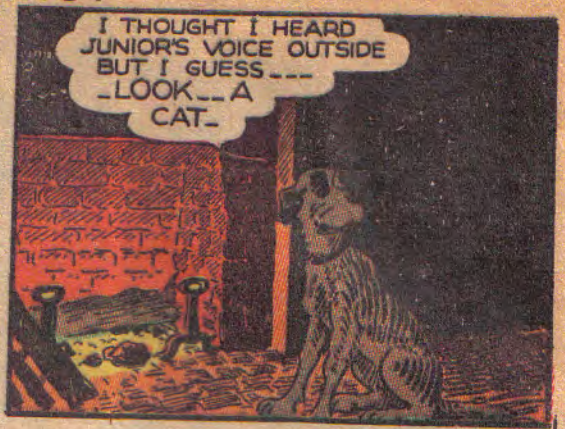
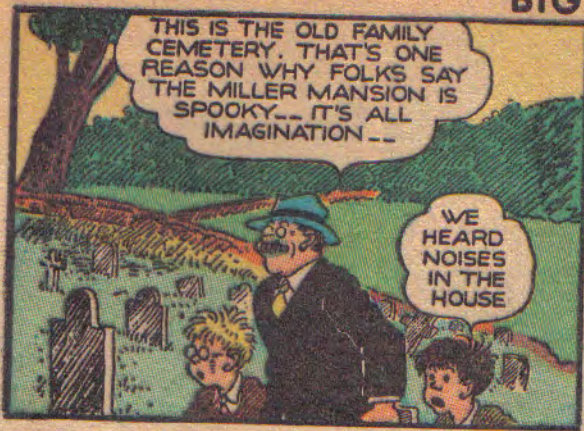
BY FRANK BECK



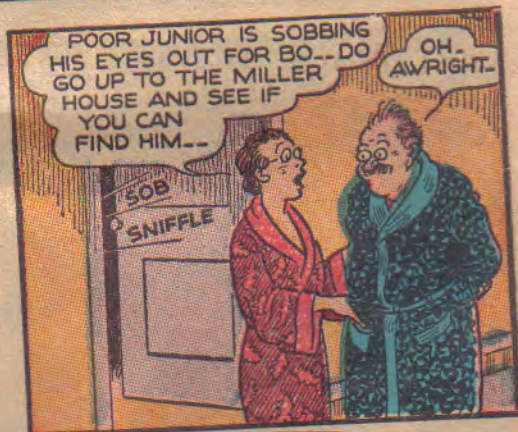
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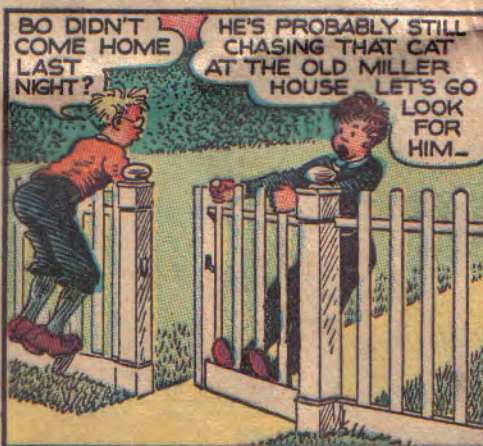
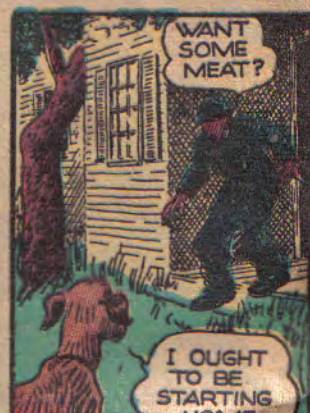
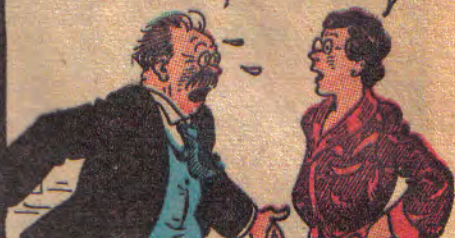


LOOK AT HIM RUN... HIS OWN DOG SCARED HIM... SAY-Y... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA...



THAT MILLER HOUSE IS HAUNTED... I SAW A FIGURE IN THE ATTIC AND A LIGHT IN ONE WINDOW... AND SOMEBODY TOUCHED ME... AND...

NONSENSE...



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BIG SHOT .

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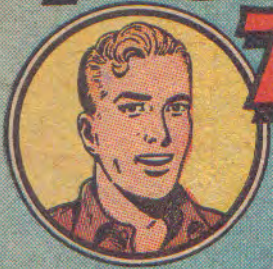
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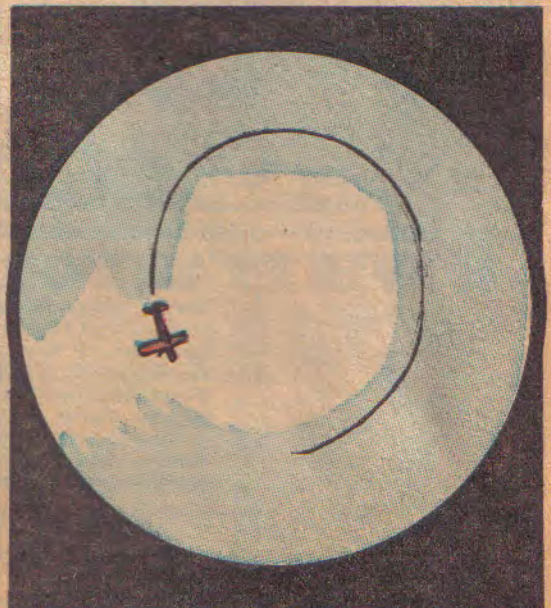
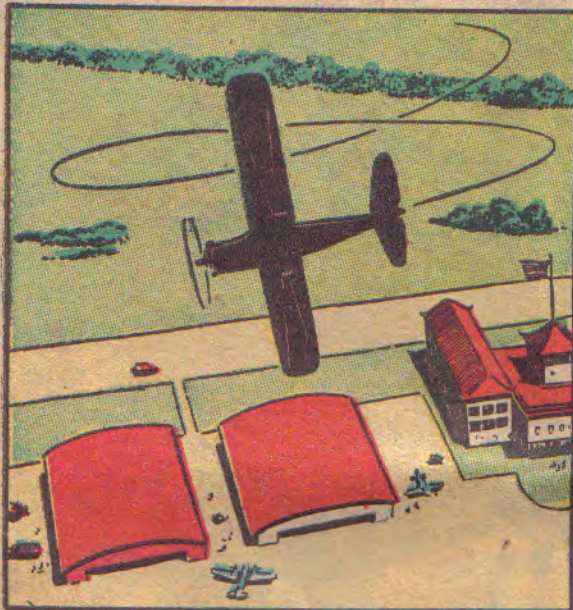
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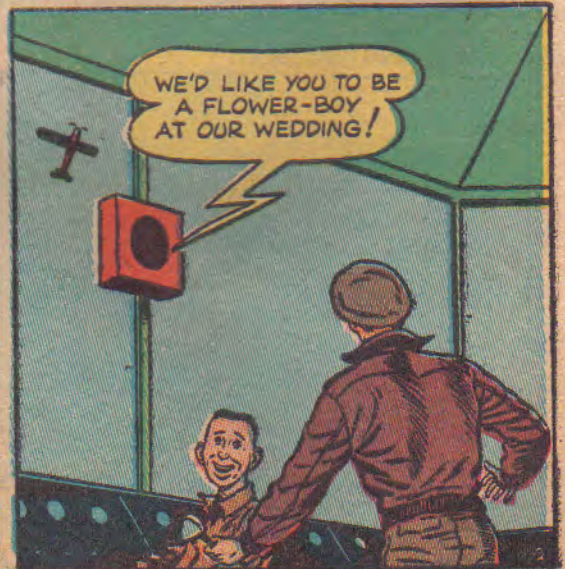
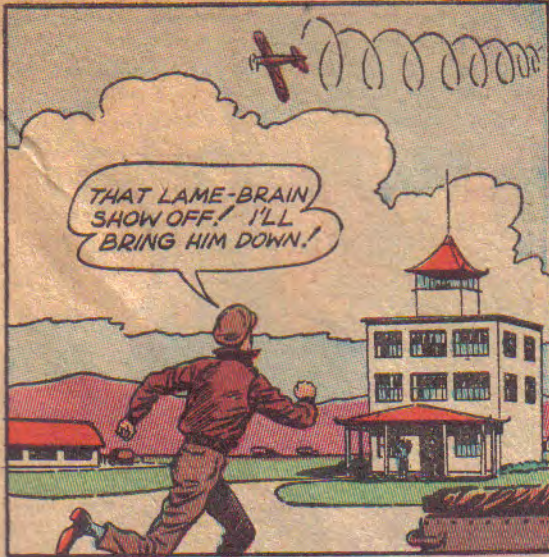
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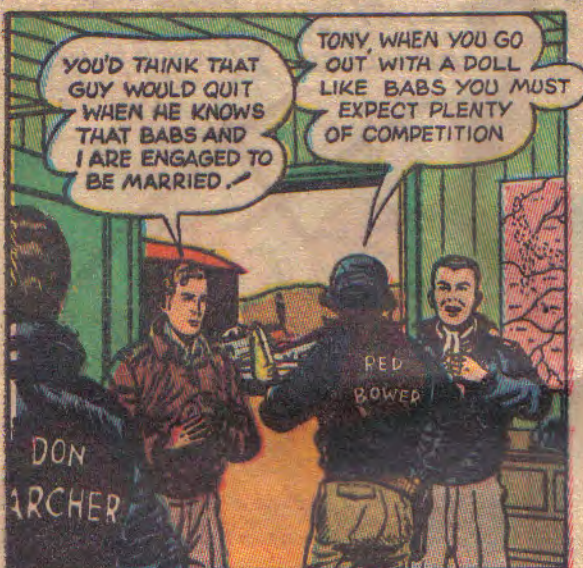
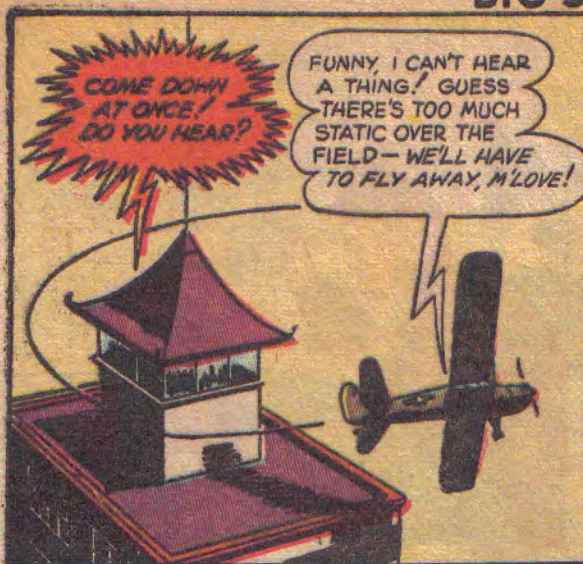
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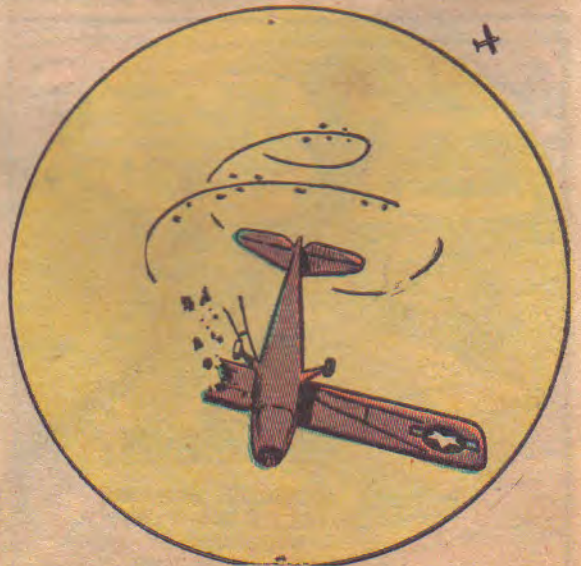
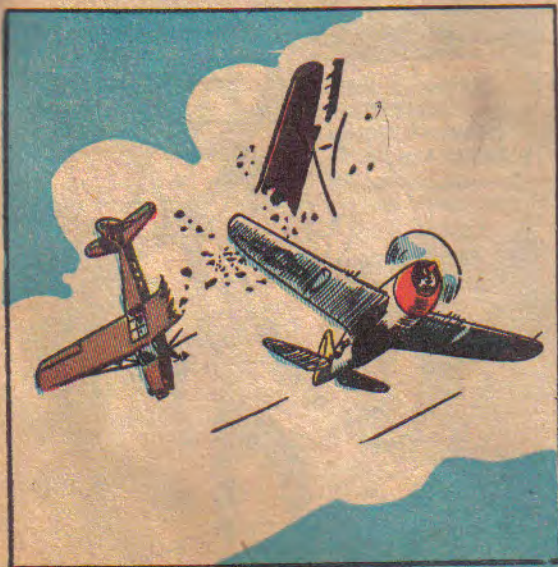
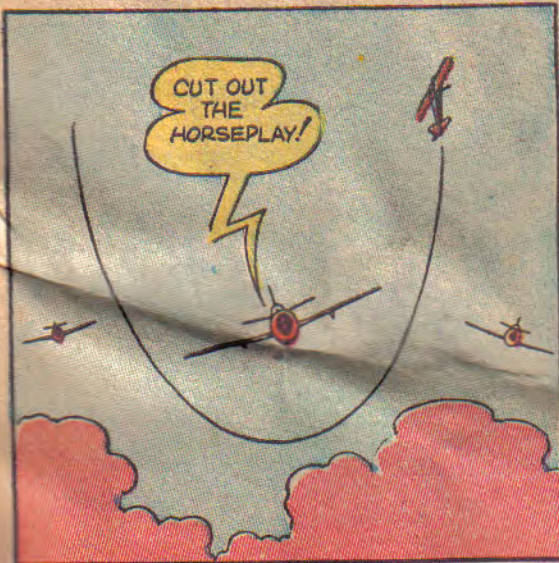
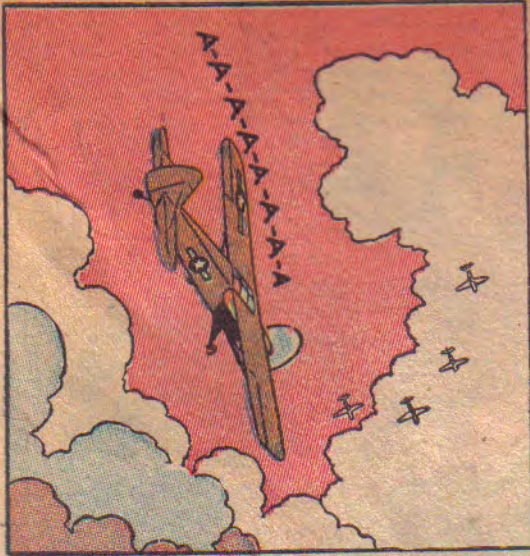
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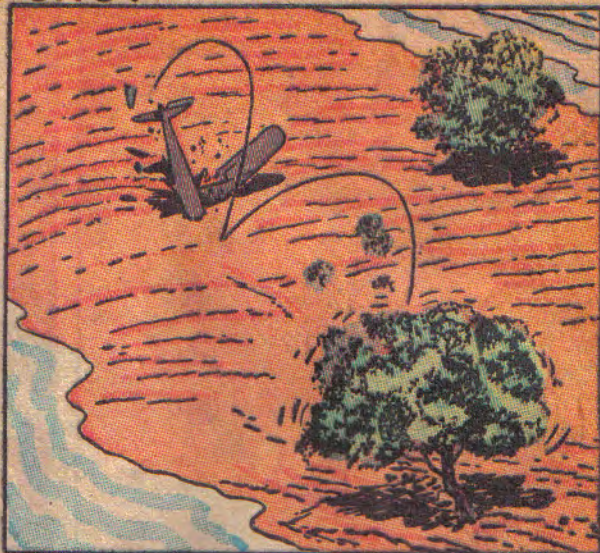
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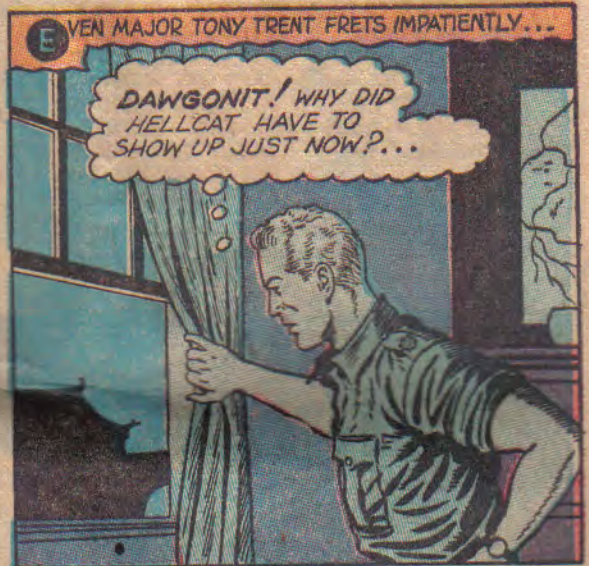
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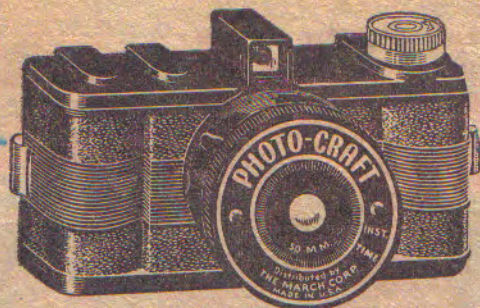


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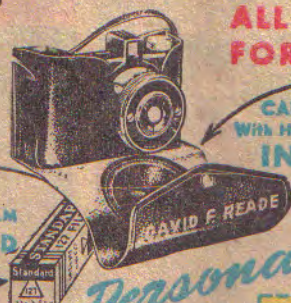
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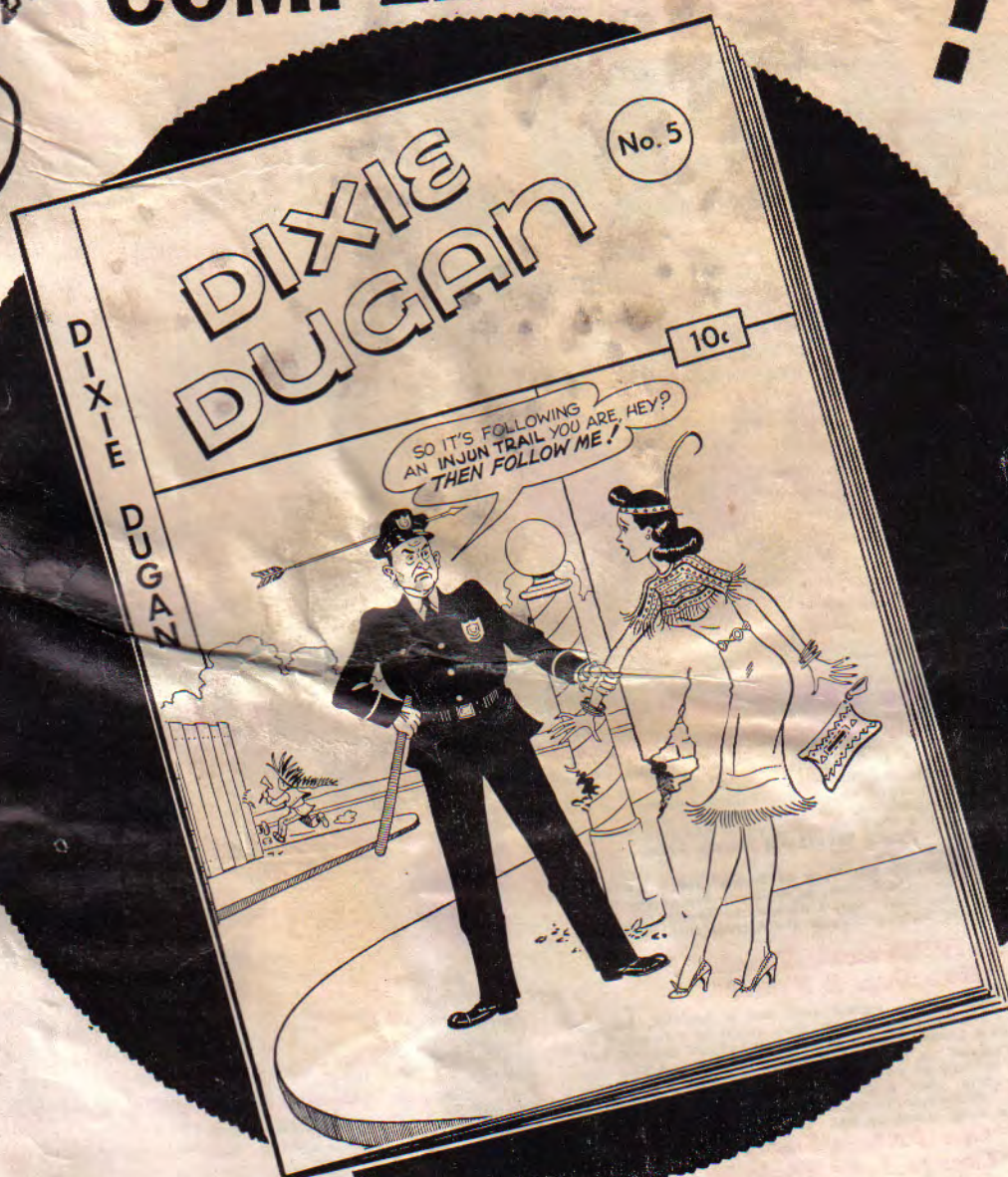
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GIVE ME a skinny, peepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to **LIVE!**



Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN—IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 329 J, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

FREE

Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, facts! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 329 J, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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